"TRAXX"

original screenplay

by

Gary M. Devore

DeLaurentiis Entertainment Group
8670 Wilshire Blvd.
Beverly Hills, CA 90211

November 3, 1986

"TRAXX"

FADE IN:

(1) EXT. GRASSY FIELD - DAY (ROCK SCORE)

A figure in western attire steps into the FRAME, back to the CAMERA. He wears a double holster rig. He takes a couple of cautious steps UPSTAGE. We realize this is in SLOW MOTION.

ANGLE:

The figure is a nine year old boy!

VARIOUS ANGLES:

This young "gunfighter" moving through the grassy field, "taking fire" and returning it, bobbing and weaving, always moving forward, guns always "BLAZING." We can see finally that he is in a vacant lot in a lower middle class residential neighborhood. A LEGEND emerges across the bottom of the picture: "HACKETTSTOWN, NEW JERSEY - 1959"

ANGLE:

The young gunfighter diving to his stomach and rolling to one side, firing as he goes.

ANGLE:

The young gunfighter running through a backyard. A gun in each hand.

(2) ANGLE:

A four foot hedge. The young gunfighter comes flying over it into CAMERA. He lands lightly, then continues.

What we establish through this series of shots is that, even for a nine year old, this kid is extraordinarily well endowed as a natural athlete. His reflexes are truly astounding. And he has an uncanny ability to draw and fire his toy gun.

ANGLE:

The young gunfighter working his way toward the side of an abandoned building.

ANGLE:

He gains the side of the building and pauses a few feet from the weathered door. Pulling both guns, he draws a deep breath, then, he steps in front of the door and KICKS it open, guns BLAZING wildy.

(3) KID'S POV:

looking through the open door to the interior. Four heavily armed MEN in filthy fatigures open FIRE with REAL AUTOMATIC WEAPONS. A couple are Black, the others are Cuban.

(4) ANGLE:

Instead of the young gunfighter filling the doorway, it is a lean, muscular, twenty-five year old mercenary. A fighting machine. A guy who does what he does better than anyone in the world. The two pistols he holds buck and COUGH and the men in the crude little room are eliminated. This is the nine year old grown up. This is a gunfighter. This is the heavy hand of justice. This is a man who will punish you for your mistakes. This is TRAXX.

(5) EXT. A HELLISH VILLAGE - DAY (ROCK SCORE)

A battle rages over this worthless piece of ground. TRAXX rushes away from the open doorway and dashes across clear ground, FIRING as he goes. Huts burn all around. GUN FIRE comes from everywhere. It is difficult to tell which side anyone's on.

A legend emerges at the bottom of the frame:

AFRICA - 1975

TRAXX moves with speed and grace. He cuts across the open ground in the center of the village and sprays several of the enemy with accurate GUNFIRE. He leaps over the hood of a burnt out jeep, an impressive feat, lands lightly with his feet in the face of a Cuban "advisor." He SHOOTS the cigar-maker dead. A young Black man comes up beside him. He is wildeyed. TRAXX smiles at him while bullets splatter all around them.

TRAXX
Is this fun, or what!

(6) ANGLE:

A JEEP THUNDERS at them, several men on board FIRE.

The Black man is hit. TRAXX stands right in front of his bleeding buddy and FIRES at the jeep with both guns, not giving ground, not allowing the vehicle to crush the fallen comrade. TRAXX kills every man in the jeep and it veers off and continues beyond with no driver. All with a playful, hopelessly charming smile.

ANGLE:

TRAXX continues the fight with his wounded compatriot flung over his shoulder. Even with this sizeable load, he still moves with ease and speed.

ANGLE:

(7) TRAXX depositing the wounded man in relative safety.

TRAXX
Take the rest of the day off.

(8) They smile and TRAXX glances at a position between two huts at the end of the village where semi-automatic rifle fire comes from. He checks his hair in the dusty reflection of a piece of broken window glass. Then he is off.

(9) ANGLE:

TRAXX running along a dirt street, dodging fire, he smiles and waves at several little children watching from the shell-battered remains of a shed.

(10) ANGLE:

TRAXX leaps onto the hood of a bombed out vehicle, from there to the roof of a building.

(11) ANGLE:

The men FIRE from the position between the two huts. TRAXX appears on the roof of one then drops down in the slot behind them without their noticing.

ANGLE:

TRAXX stands tall, legs apart and smiles. His guns jammed in his belt.

TRAXX
Hey! Look alive!

Three men stop firing and slowly turn.

TRAXX
...well? Play ball!

They swing their guns around. TRAXX draws and both his hands fill with FIRE. All three men are shot dead. Overhead the sound of an incoming MORTAR shell. TRAXX looks up, realizes it is coming right at him. He rushes forward, leaps over the small fortifications the three men had been concealed behind. As he sails over the CAMERA the ground where he had stood EXPLODES.

(12) EXT. BATTLE SCARRED STREET - DAY

The streets are paved. The architecture is middle eastern, carnage and debris are strewn about, the CRACKLING GUNFIRE'S everywhere. As though a continuation of the leap TRAXX started in the last scene, the form of a man drops into FRAME. As he barges ahead, FIRING his rifle, he turns back to the CAMERA and hollers. It is TRAXX. Older, harder, but still with that zest for battle. Still smiling, a large comb in his back pocket.

TRAXX
Let's get 'em!

ANGLE:

TRAXX rushing up the street seemingly taking on the whole world. The "enemy" comes out from behind the walls and doors, off the roofs and into the streets to do battle. The men who surge behind TRAXX are hard to tell from the ones in front. Christian militia? Islamic fundamentalists? Syrians? Who the hell is who? A legend appears in FRAME:

BEIRUT - 1979

(12A) TRAXX runs ahead of his men and suddenly realizes he is being SHOT at from both sides.

TRAXX
(hollering)
Hey! Who's on my side?!

The bullets from both sides SLASH about him as the two factions converge. TRAXX whips around and starts FIRING at both sides.

TRAXX
Heeey! Yo Mama, Jack!

12B TRAXX FIRES and runs to the far side of the street then bolts down an alley. The rifle is out of ammo and he tosses it on the move.

13- ANGLE:

TRAXX comes careening around a corner pulling his comb through his hair and slides to a comic halt. He smiles uneasily.

TRAXX'S POV:

Six rag-tag soldiers, heavily armed. Murderous looks in their twelve eyes.

ANGLE:

TRAXX slowly moves out in front of them.

TRAXX
...any of you guys seen a little dog around here...black with one white foot...answers to the name Abdul?

They don't know what the hell he is talking about. Overhead we hear the sound of INCOMING ROCKETS. TRAXX looks up at the sky. The six ragged revolutionaries bolt and run.

TRAXX
Aw shit...

He runs toward the CAMERA and again, the ground where he stood is BLOWN TO BITS as he leaps right at us.

14- EXT. CONTRA CAMP - DAY

We are at the base of a tree. TRAXX drops into FRAME from above. Again, it is years later. He looks as though time has passed, but again, the power is there.

15- ANGLE:

Government troops are BLAZING their way through the camp killing everyone is sight. TRAXX charges ahead with a couple of contras at this side. The legend appears at the bottom of the FRAME:

NICARAGUA - 1986

He zig and zags, FIRING in one direction then another. One by one the men by his side are cut down, but TRAXX is wasting the enemy.

ANGLE:

A soldier arcs a GRENADE at TRAXX. He catches it like a baseball and winds up and pitches it back like a fastball. It hits the man in the chest and instantly DETONATES No more hombre.

Then the gunfire stops. Dead quiet. The five remaining government troops look around anxiously. Nothing moves. No sign of TRAXX. Then the SOUND OF AN ENGINE.

ANGLE:

A government truck is coming down the rutted dirt aisle. They all open FIRE on it, blowing the thing to bits. Then they stop. The truck WHEEZES and dies.

TRAXX (O.S.)
Don't ever expect to borrow my car.

ANGLE:

They all turn and there he is. A pair of crossbelted holsters tied to his thighs cuddling a pair of .45 automatics. TRAXX is smiling. They swing their weapons around. His double draw is slick. In a torrent of FIRE and smoke the five go down. TRAXX twirls the pair of guns and slips them into their holsters. Then he looks up anxiously expecting the inevitable rocket to impact where he stands. Not a sound.

16- EXT. JUNGLE TRAIL - LATER

TRAXX and his one remaining comrade are walking casually through the dense rainforest, weapons slung over their shoulders.While they walk, TRAXX digs a dirty, flattened sack of FAMOUS AMOS COOKIES drom inside his shirt. He offers one to his friend. It is accepted. He is ARTURO.

ARTURO
...so? Where to now?

TRAXX
(eating)
I don't know. Maybe it's time to go home.

ARTURO
And do what?

TRAXX
I've been thinkin' about something ....different line altogether.

ARTURO
Like what? You didn't even finish high school.

TRAXX
Don't you ever get tired of shootin' people?

ARTURO
See there it is. You're just exhausted wrung out. War'll do that to you... Gotta have somethin' else. I told you to get up a little early and meditate with me, but you don't listen.

TRAXX
...I wanna give cookies a shot.

He holds up his half eaten chocolate chip treasure for Arturo to see.

ARTURO
Cookies?

TRAXX
(holding it up again)
Cookies. These things. You eat 'em.

ARTURO
You tellin' me you wanna take time off and just eat cookies? You'll get fat.

TRAXX
I wanna bake 'em. It's the next big war. Cookies. (taking the last bite of cookie) This guy's good. But I can take him.

ARTURO
(sarcastic)
I should've seen this comin'... it's the obvious move. Killin' to cookies...it's like where you been headed all along... (then raging frustration)

ARTURO
(continued)
What the hell's the matter with you?! COOKIES! YOU CAN'T BAKE! YOU'RE GONNA WUSS OUT? WEAR AN APRON? YOU GOTTA WEAR AN APRON! YOU'RE GONNA GO HOME AND BAKE AWAY EVERY CENT YOU GOT! The only way you can make a dime is with a gun in your hand.

At this moment mortar shell starts RAINING down on all sides of them. Trees uprooted, holes torn in the earth. They walk at the same unhurried pace, seemingly oblivious to the devastation all around.

TRAXX
...you know what you're problem is, asshole? Somewhere, somehow you lost the ability to dream... You think there is a future in this?(gesturing to the explosions) Not likely. You stay and do this and I'll go into cookies. Just thinkin' about it raises my spirits. I'm outa here, pal. OUTA HERE!!!

At that instant a MORTAR SHELL IMPACTS just behind them. They are lost in the smoke and dirt that flies in the air. They would seem to be gone.

17- INT. A KITCHEN - DAY (ROCK SCORE)

ANGLE:

The angry mouth of a garbage disposal. Yellowish batter is being poured in. A wooden spoon goes with it accidently and a batter-spattered hand grabs for it as the gultinous BLADES CHOP AWAY at the handle.

ANGLE:

A kitchen under seige. Appliances in revolt. TRAXX, in a camouflage apron, still looks as if he were in combat, warring with this hostile environment. The water has boiled out of a pot on the stove and the half dozen eggs it holds are beginning to EXPLODE. The blender top flies off and a funnel of fresh BATTER erupts; the BEEPING ALARM on the OVEN tells him a batch is ready. TRAXX doesn't know what to reach for first. There is enough batter on the slick floor to float a kayak.

ANGLE:

TRAXX yanks the spoon out of the disposal without shutting it off. Half of the wooden shaft is already "eaten." He tosses it and charges for the blender, hits the "off" switches but it doesn't work. Batter splashes all over him. He accidently knocks it over when he bolts for the stove to shut off the EXPLODING eggs. He glides like a skater on the slick floor, misses the stove-top burner control as he slides by, grabs the refrigerator door for balance, jerking it open and jostling the contents of the door shelves out onto the floor. He lunges back through the debris, twists the burner control "off" as an egg EXPLODES in his face. He angirly grabs the over door, jerks it open with such force it comes off in his hand and bare-handed yanks out the COOKIE SHEET. He peels off a scorched little "rock," realizes his hand is burning, hollers in pain, drops the sheet and tentatively takes a bite of his latest "receipe," reacts with utter disgust and disappointment then winds up and slings it like a Drysdale sidearem fastball. The whip-like movement takes his feet out from under him on this slathered floor and he drops out of sight with a THUD.

18 EXT. URBAN STREET/ATLANTA GEORGIA - DAY

We are looking at a couple of uniformed cops kneeling down behind their squad car for protection from the GUNFIRE pouring from a corner pet store across the street. There are several other police cars with other cops crouched down behind them. The cop in the foreground peeks up as a burst of AUTOMATIC RIFLE FIRE erupts from the store. He pulls back as slugs ZING past. There are several wounded CITIZENS and a dead DOG lying in the street between the police and the pet store. The gunmen are obviously very bad guys. The cop in the foreground turns in profile. It is TRAXX.

TRAXX
(to his partner)
Seems there ought to be a more effective way to handle this.

PARTNER
You sound like a rookie, rookie. These are stipulated procedures for this situation. Sometimes they work.

ANGLE:

A cop in authority further along the line of parked cop-cars lifts his head with a BULLHORN in one hand. He directs his voice to the gunmen. His name is LOGAN.

LOGAN
Listen in there! You've got no place to go! We're setting up a phone line so we can talk it out! Okay???

There is a BURST of gunfire from the PET STORE that sends everyone searching for coins on the ground with their noses.

TRAXX
He really thinks he's gonna talk 'em outta there?

PARTNER
Why not? They run out of ammo, get bored...they'll give up. Why not? We don't have any death penalty.

TRAXX
They shot an old lady and a puppy...

PARTNER
The old lady was just sport... shootin' the puppy was inspired. Now they plead insanity.

A RAGING VOICE from the PET STORE.

KILLER (O.S)
We wanna car! Right now! Ten seconds and I start throwing dead pets in the street!

Logan turns and hollers down to TRAXX's partner.

LOGAN
Matlock! How about it?

MATLOCK
Why don't we call him a cab?

KILLER (O.S.)
I'm counting! There's a monkey in here beggin' for his life!!!

LOGAN
I'll get a chopper up. You'll never be out of contact.

Matlock takes out his gun and hands it to TRAXX. Without standing he pulls open the driver's door of their patrol car.

TRAXX
I say we rush 'em.

MATLOCK
Very old fashioned.

Matlock gets in the car and STARTS THE ENGINE.

LOGAN
(through bullhorn)
Hold your fire! You've got the car!

TRAXX
...bullshit.

There is an abandoned SKATEBOARD lying a few feet away. TRAXX grabs it, then takes out his BATON. Using the handle as a hook, he snags the underside of the rear bumper as the police car heads across the street.

ANGLE:

Logan and the other cops shocked to see the cop car moving briskly across the street with TRAXX crouched down on the skateboard, out of sight of those in the pet store.

ANGLE:

As the car swings left to come to the curb in front of the building, TRAXX releases at the high point of the momentum. The skateboard fires away at the corner, goes up the narrow lip in the curb provided for the handicapped and heads right at the glass window of the store.

19 INT. PET STORE - DAY

Two drooling sociopaths turn as TRAXX erupts through the glass like some avenger sent directly from "on high." In a SHOWER of GLASS and back lit by the exterior sunlight, he is a murderous sight. They both FIRE at him. TRAXX has his gun holstered and FIRES with Matlock's. He shoots one and the other FIRES, misses then realizes his gun is now empty. He allows a twisted smile and drops his weapon.

SOCIOPATH
...I quit!

TRAXX
(smiling radiantly)
The hell you do.

TRAXX tosses him Matlock's gun. Reflexively, the man grabs it and jerks it around to fire. Wrong. TRAXX draws like Bill Hickock and FANS off TWO SHOTS that blow the man back into the parakeet section.

ANGLE:

Logan and several other very conventional and well indoctrinated cops are standing just inside the door. It is clear they do not approve of TRAXX's methods.

20- INT. POLICE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

A regular municipal configuration and decor. Light green and numbingly dull. The fat, pink, whiskey loving commissioner sits at his desk, a smug Logan nearby. TRAXX is "at-ease" a few feet in front of him.

COMMISSIONER
You're out of the jungle, TRAXX. This is civilization. Or can't you tell the difference.

TRAXX
...didn't look much different to me.

COMMISSIONER
As police officers we hold outselves to a higher standard than the element we deal with. Since you're no longer one of us, that's no longer your concern...and don't go to another police department and expect a recommendation from me. You're a throw-back. Town tamers went out a hundred years ago. This is the eighties. Suspects and victims have the same rights...even if they shoot old ladies and a puppy.

TRAXX
...I'd like to hear that from the puppy's family.

TRAXX turns and walks out of the office.

21- EXT. THE HIGHWAY - DUSK (ORIGINAL MUSIC/LYRICS FOR MONTAGE)

A long stretch of western highway headed for a magnificant mountain range. A white jeep travels west in sullen emptiness. There are no other cars on the road.

21A- EXT. an isolated mountain cabin - DAY

21 B- TRAXX and an older man in baggy slacks and suspenders are completing a negotiation. As they talk the other man takes the "For Rent" sign off the front of the small, wooden structure and shakes TRAXX'S hand. As the man walks off toward his car, TRAXX sizes up his new abode with a wary eye.

21C- INT. SMALL MARKET - DAY

TRAXX handling over virtually all his money to cover the cost of the TEN bags of groceries he has purchased. He is left with three dollars.

21 D EXT. THE MARKET

TRAXX loading up the back of his jeep with his groceries and heading up toward the mountain.

22- EXT. BUTLERVILLE - NIGHT

This is a medium sized American community. There is a good deal of unemployment, crime and social disorder. We are focused on a street loaded with "night people," the trouble. An ORIGINAL PIECE of MUSIC scores the scenes that follow. Tentatively titled, "KEEPIN' US IN." It deals with the fear of venturing out on the streets after dark.

COMMENCE MONTAGE DEPICTING CRIME LEVEL:

23- 1) Trashy, neon lit street. Center of low-life night-life. Two men arguing on street corner. Pull guns and start BLASTING away. Innocent passersby are hit.

24- 2) Intersection where four streets cross. A squad car rockets through, blue lights flashing, SIRENS SCREAMING.

25- 3) Side street. Three young men breaking into a parked car. The ALARM GOES OFF. They ignore it. Rig the stereo out of the dash and run.

27- 4) REPRISE #2. Now the squad car is crossing in a different direction. Still moving flat out.

28 5) Two older people walking arem in arm down a quiet residential street. Two young men barge out of the dark, grab her purse, knock them both to the ground and dash into the night.

29 6) REPRISE #2. Now there is steam issuing from under the hood. The cop car is looking a bit "winded." This cop car is symbolic of the plight of over-worked police forces the country over.

30 7) A young woman exiting a chic gym. She goes to her car where she's grabbed by two men, MORSE and OOTZ, dragged back into the dark and, though unseen, raped. All their faces are seen clearly and the two men are particularly brutal.

31- 8) REPRISE #2. Now the wheels appear to be out of line. The car wobbles as it passes. It is dirty, sickly looking.

32- 9) In a corner drugstore. Kids stealing comicbooks and being chased by the owner. Outside others paint graffiti on the walls.

33- 10) REPRISE #2. The car is moving half as fast. It is "exhausted," over wrought, so to speak. Smoke comes from everwhere. As it passes we see a PROWLER moving silently in the dark, headed for a corner building. Patrol car continues, trunk lid flapping pathetically, wheels out of line.

34 11) A shot of people forlornly looking out at the street through the <u>security bars</u> on their windows. The honest citizens are in <u>prison</u>.

35 (int) 35A (Ext) 12) NEW CAR SHOWROOM. A beautiful new car sits inside the window display. Suddenly the headlights come on and a thief DRIVES IT RIGHT THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS, hits a bus bench that several people were sitting on and scurries away into the night.

36 13) REPRISE #2. With its last gasp the squad car limps halfway through the intersection and "dies." Two tires are flat, a wheel is coming off and the engine has burned out. We never see a "driver." The glass is dark and a driver would lessen the impact. It just sits there, defeated. In the b.g. the window the prowler is headed toward is half open. The MUSIC ENDS. A second later, a TWELVE GAUGE SHOTGUN BLAST lights up the window from the inside and the prowler's body flies backward through the sash and CRASHES TO THE GROUND. It's dead quiet.

37 - INT. RADIO STATION/BUTLERVILLE - DAY

WESLEY, a radio show host is interviewing EMMETT DECKER, the Chief of Police. They are on the air. Emmett, a formidable Black man, is damned tired of the endless futility of crime fighting.

EMMETT
...I'm announcing my intended retirement six months in advance because I want this city to have plenty of time to figure out what kind of man they want to replace me.

WESLEY
You have any ideas of your own?

EMMETT
If I were picking him, he'd have a whole new attitude...I take that back...he'd have a very old attitude.

38- EXT. TRAXX'S CABIN - DAY

There is smoke coming out of the chimney. A man's head can be seen going back and forth at a busy pace inside one window. The CAMERA begins to move in toward the window.

WESLEY (O.S.)
You mean somebody like J. Edgar Hoover or say, Elliot Ness?

Now the CAMERA is close enough to make out a bearded man in an apron.

39- INT. THE CABIN - DAY

The kitchen is a MESS. There are BAKING COOKBOOKS everywhere. Dirty bowls, utensils, dough stuck to everything, burned cookie pans, burned COOKIES scattered everywhere, most have a single bite out of them. The sink is piled high with batter caked bowls, some cookies are stuck to the ceiling and on one wall is a check list of "Cookies Attempted."

INSERT: The check list. Cookies Attempted: watermelon cookies, brocolli cookies, juicy fruit cookies, licorice cookies, popcorn cookies, taco cookies, coctail cookies, Kentucky fried cookies, lobster cookies, sushi cookies.

In the midst of this mess, baking his little buns off, is of course, TRAXX. He is stirring batter, dropping lumps on the floor, adding ingredients, tasting from the bowl and wincing and listening to the RADIO INTERVIEW with the chief. He has his shirt off, body shiny with sweat and a kerchief tied around his head. Imagine Rambo.

EMMETT (V.O.)
My great grandfather used to tell me about men they called town-tamers.

WESLEY (V.O.)
Like a vigilante?

EMMETT (V.O.)
A vigilante is just someone lookin' to get even...a town tamer used to come in to a community and eliminate crime All of it.

Just then the BEEP ALARM goes off on the oven. A batch of his COOKIES is ready. TRAXX rushes with an asbestos mitt.

EMMETT (V.O.)
They had some real unsophisticated ideas about law. Matter of fact, I doubt they knew much about law, but they knew everything about justice.

He pulls out the hot cookie sheet, impatiently peels off one of his little beauties and takes a bite. It tastes like shit. He flings the cookie across the room, it bounces off the wall and flies back at his head as a pot on the stove starts to boil over. He lunges for the burner control, slips in the batter on the floor and goes down with a THUD, disappearing from sight. A second later his batter slathered hand comes up and rips the Cookie Idea chart off the wall.

40- EXT. BUTLERVILLE POLICE STATION - NIGHT

A cop car pulls up in the parking lot and two cops get out and help a handcuffed prisoner out of the caged-in back seat. He's a big man, muscular and Black. Even with the cuffs on, he is giving the cops all they can deal with. He bashes them with his shoulder, jerking this way, then that. His name is JAMES.

JAMES
You get my lawyers down here, you motherfuckers! I didn't lay no hand on that woman!

The cops are RON and BOB and they have their hands full.

RON
James, you're makin' this tougher than it need be.

JAMES
I didn't hit that bitch! She always been that ugly! That's why I don't touch her!

As they approach the double glass doors, James jerks hard one way and whips Ron right THROUGH THE GLASS. The cop never loses his feet. He hangs on to James and they head him through the broken side of the door.

JAMES
(still ranting)
I want a damn lawyer! Somebody call the motherfuckin' ACLU!!

James is finally hauled inside the police station. A second later a very weary Emmett Decker, the Chief, exits with his lunch pail in one hand and a pile of paperwork in the other. He glances back at the building with a futile expression then heads toward his car out in the parking lot.

ANGLE:

A car with many tough years on it bounds up the driveway and slides to a halt. Two frantic men pile out. They have longish hair and the general appearance of civil rights lawyers which is what they are. The one we shall see more of is, HOWARD. As they rush to the station both look up at the sound of breaking glass.

40 A- ANGLE ON A THIRD FLOOR WINDOW

The GLASS BREAKS and a cop sails out, however, he manages to catch hold of a piece of sash. He dangles from the third floor window. James can be heard SCREAMING from within. Another cop helps the imperiled one pull himself back inside.

HOWARD
(hollering up)
We're coming, James!!

Now James' head is added to the confusion in the window. He thrusts it out against the wishes of all the cops who struggle to drag him back inside.

JAMES
I want a new trial, a change of venue, an appeal, a Black jury, a Black judge, a Jewish psychiatrist! I want my rights!!!

Howard and his associate are now running for the broken glass door.

ANGLE:

The Chief has watched all this with a sense of sour irony. He OPENS THE CAR DOOR, slides in heavily and pauses behind the wheel to gather his energy for the drive home.

A VOICE from OFF CAMERA startles him.

TRAXX (O.S.)
Got a minute?

The Chief's head pivotes right.

CHIEF
(startled)
Holy shit.

40 B ANGLE:

There is a jeep parked right next to his car and TRAXX is seated behind the wheel.

EMMETT
(annoyed)
I'm in my office fifteen hours a day. Make an appointment.

TRAXX
I can fix it so you only have to work half days.

In the b.g. there is just the beginning of a FIRE in the third floor window. James and the cops can still be seen struggling. Neither Emmett nor TRAXX notice.

EMMETT
What're you selling? Tear gas? Armor plating? Stun guns?

TRAXX
Clean streets.

EMMETT
You're into garbage?

TRAXX
(correcting)
Trash.

EMMETT
There's a difference between garbage and trash?

TRAXX
...garbage you dump...trash you kill.

Comic activity in the third floor window. Cops struggling with James and trying to douse the sputtering fire.

EMMETT
(patronizing)
You're a trash killer?

TRAXX
(smiles indulgently)
Town-tamer. Uh, temporarily... my cookie business was a little under capitalized.

Emmett considers this unusual man for a second then in his mind dismisses him as a harmless nut. He twists the ignition key and his ENGINE STARTS.

EMMETT
Send me a "resume"...towns you tamed...when you tamed 'em...

TRAXX
Ten thousand sounded like a fair price. What do you think?

Slowly Emmett's car begins rolling out of its parking space.

EMMETT
(continued)
...how long they stayed tame... and send it from a long ways away. You're the tenth nut that's come outta "Bonzo-Land" since I was on the radio. Go home!

Emmett DRIVES AWAY. TRAXX remains expressionless. He knows what he has to do.

41- INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The car is slowly cruising one of the "mean" streets in town.

The streets seethe with hustlers, dealers, and their varied flocks of jive talkers slide-struttin' from one cluster of mankind to another. Over the two-way RADIO there is a continuous stream of DISPATCHES to various units.

POLICE DISPATCHER (V.O.)
...unit 347...gunshots exchanged at 2651 Hill Avenue...unit 248... hold up in progress...High Time Liquor Store...corner fifty-third and Massey...unit 212...male suspect currently on bail, Marvin Gibson...observed outside his wife's apartment with a rifle...1675 Weyburn Road...use extreme caution.

42- ANGLE:

The police car rolling past the mouth of a narrow alley. The CAMERA holds and the car exits the FRAME. PUSH IN to the dark corridor until we recognize the front end of the JEEP and peering at us over the steering wheel, the stuborn, purposeful visage of TRAXX.

43- EXT. SLEAZY BAR - NIGHT

A young Black man named, DEETER comes stumbling out into the street, obviously shoved hard by someone inside. A second later, three very hard looking men step out and confront him. They too are Black.

DEETER
Man, cool out. Nobody bled, nobody dead...

MAN #1
I told you don't come back on this street 'less you're holding what we owe.

DEETER
Hey, Jack, this is a free fuckin' country and I'll be where the damned hell I please whether I'm holden what I owe or holdin' your ass!

Deeter starts to back off up the street.

MAN #1
(to his cronies)
Grab this crazy motherfucker!

DEETER
(grabbing his own groin)
Grab this, dickhead!

Deeter turns and streaks away with the two men right after him. They are faster than he had expected.

44- ANGLE:

Deeter coming around a corner and the two right behind. Deeter pushes through hookers, pimps, boosters, strollers and vagrants.

45- ANGLE:

Deeter coming around another corner. He has lengthened his lead just slightly.

45A- SOMEBODY'S POV:

Deeter charging down a seedy street. He is closing fast on the POV. His pursuers are also tracked.

46- ANGLE:

As Deeter passes the mouth of an alley an arm shoots out, grabs him by the jacket and yanks him back into the dark. The two men pursuing think he cut in on his own and follow.

ANGLE:

Looking into the dark shaft between two buildings. We see NOTHING. We only HEAR.

MAN #2
Grab him!

The sound of PUNCHES LANDING HARD. Painful YELPS and MOANS.

MAN #3
Who's doin' that?

DEETER
It ain't me!

MAN #2
How many hands this son-of-a-bitch own??

The sounds of BREAKING GLASS, bodies being FLUNG TO THE GROUND, KICKS, PUNCHES, PAIN, ETC. Then Man #2, followed by Man #3 are heaved out of the alley onto the sidewalk, A second later, TRAXX appears, Deeter at his side and slightly behind and obviously confused.

TRAXX
(to Man #2 and #3)
You've got three choices, be good, be gone or be dead.

TRAXX stands there, hands hanging at his side, a holstered pistol low on one hip. One of the men smiles sinisterly and goes for his own gun.

TRAXX draws, SHOOTS it out of his hand, then FANS OFF three more shots driving the loose pistol all the way across the street and into the sewer. The two men get up and run back the way they came.

DEETER
(very shaky)
...well, I'm wore out...I'll skip gym today...you be good.

Deeter is starting to back away from TRAXX.

DEETER
(continued)
...gonna go now...goin' home and lay down.

TRAXX
I just got to town...

DEETER
Yeah, well I'd invite you to bunk with me, but my bunk beds is down to one bunk...

TRAXX
I'm lookin' for a partner.

DEETER
...to do what?

TRAXX
Show me around.

DEETER
The part of town I know probably wouldn't interest you.

TRAXX
Yeah it would...I'm here to clean it out.

DEETER
(now more nervous)
Ah, well, you see my family's been outta sanitation work for two generations...

TRAXX lays his hands on the butt of his pistol. This does not go unnoticed by Deeter. He smiles.

DEETER
Of course, you said, "Partner," we were never in at the executive level...that's something I might consider...

47- TRAXX and Deeter start back into the dark alley.

48- EXT. OLD MULTI-STORY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The jeep rolls to a quiet stop behind the building.

49- INT. THE JEEP - NIGHT

TRAXX turns to Deeter in the seat behind him.

TRAXX
While I'm in here, you think of our next stop.

DEETER
(indulging Traxx)
Yeah, you go on, I'll have a whole itinerary laid out.

TRAXX takes a pair of handcuffs and hooks Deeter up to the rollbar.

TRAXX
Keep an eye on my car.

TRAXX hops out with his small arsenal harnessed to his torso. Deeter is a nervous wreck. After a few anxious seconds checking the cuffs to be sure there is no way of escape, he turns on the RADIO. The music scores the ensuing scenes. Something called, "KICKIN' ASS."

50- INT. APARTMENT BUILDING/WHOREHOUSE - NIGHT

There is a small office at the top of the stairs where

the "john" pays his twenty dollars before following his "date" down the hall to one of the horrid little rooms. The office is manned by three men. Two are white, one Black, all under twenty-one. A "JOHN" is timidly following a HOOKER up the steps.

There is a window in the tiny room. One of the white boys' name is EDDIE. He gets to his feet and steps to the opening. He smiles at the Hooker.

EDDIE
(to the hooker)
...aw, you're making us proud tonight, baby!

The "John" steps to the window with a twenty already in his hand. He smiles anxiously.

"JOHN"
...pretty clean girls?

EDDIE
(snatching the twenty)
We run 'em through the car wash every morning. Take number seven.. end of the hall.

The Hooker had never stopped moving. The "John" starts after her. Eddie turns back to his friends who are all stifling laughs. Eddie speaks under his breath.

EDDIE
(continuing)
How the hell am I supposed to know if she's clean, man? I ain't goin' to touch her.

They all laugh. Then TRAXX EXPLODES THROUGH A PLATE GLASS He kicks the chair out from under one, punches the other two in rotation, knocking them against the walls then catching them with elbows and knees. It is a funny fight in very tight quarters. TRAXX tosses one of them through the ticket window. The man hits halfway down the stairs and rolls down in a heap. Another pulls a knife. TRAXX smiles. He opens his jacket and reveals a very large pistol in a cross-draw holster. The guy looks at it then dives through the ticket window. The last remaining man is WENDALL. He just stares at TRAXX.

WENDALL
You a cop?

TRAXX
Worse.

WENDALL
...shit.

He also dives through the window, lights on the stairs, rolls and tumbles to the bottom and runs.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

51- TRAXX moves along the filthy hallway kicking open every door. Every room is occupied.

TRAXX
Everybody out! Let's go!

TRAXX steps into a room, kicks a man off the hooker, grabs various pieces of furniture and tosses them through the window.

HOOKER
What the hell's going on?

TRAXX
The toilets are plugged!
Everybody out!

He shoots the toilet visible through the bathroom door to bits. Back in the corridor, TRAXX disappears in another room and a second later the "John" is tossed naked into the hall followed by the naked Hooker. TRAXX begins singing.

TRAXX (O.S.)
"...walkin' down Canal Street
lookin' in every door, God damn
son of a bitch, couldn't find a
whore."

52- EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

WINDOWS EXPLODE. Furnishings, make-up, lamps, chairs, bedding, the world is being tossed from various windows. TRAXX is making his way the length of the hall singing and whistling.

53- ANGLE - ACROSS THE ALLEY

An equally tall building. One where poor people live. Lights come on in various apartments, frightened eyes peek furtively from beneath half-drawn shades.

54- INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

There are half-clad and completely nude men and women charging like stampeding sheep all along the hall.

ANGLE ON TRAXX

He kicks open a door near the far end of the hall. A sign tacked to it reads, "complimentary child care."

55- TRAXX'S POV:

Six kids of varying ages pressed in corners scared out of their wits. There is a kindly old woman watching over them. Toys are scattered everywhere, the decor is bright, colorful; a perfect playroom for kids. TRAXX takes one look and pulls back into the hall.

56- ANOTHER ANGLE

The door at the end of the hall leading to the back stairs opens and two men surge through: ALONZO, an enormously fat white man in baggy slacks, a short sleeve sport shirt and sandals and by his side a tall Black man dressed like a street pimp sans the hat. His name is FREDDIE.

ALONZO
(seeing TRAXX)
Kill him!

Freddie produces a .45 automatic and raises it. TRAXX whips out his gun in one constant motion bringing it clear up to sighting height at the shoulder and FIRES ONE SHOT that hits Freddie's right shoulder. He turns SCREAMING and stumbles back into the stairwell.

Alonzo jumps into the room where the kids are. TRAXX holds his gun at the ready and moves cautiously toward the door.

57- INT. THE ROOM

Alonzo has backed up all the way across the room. The kids are terrified. He pulls a gun from under his shirt.

ALONZO
My lawyers are gonna have your ass, pal!!

58- INT. THE HALL

TRAXX standing in the now completely vacant hall. Debris is strewn all over from the mass exodus.

TRAXX
(calmly)
...this your joint?

59- INT. ROOM

Alonzo is really rattled. The kids are in a corner.

ALONZO
Yeah, so? You didn't like the service? Sue me!

60- INT. HALL

TRAXX has just reloaded his gun.

TRAXX
Forget lawyers. Forget the law. It doesn't apply to you anymore.

61- INT. THE ROOM

Alonzo holds his gun up to a little boy's head.

ALONZO
You get outta here before I start tossin' dead kids out in in the hall. If you don't get outta here this kid won't live to see... (to kid) How old are you, son?

KID
Five and a half.

ALONZO
Won't live to see six.

ANGLE:

Suddenly TRAXX fills the open door frame. Alonzo wildly. TRAXX FIRES one perfectly placed SHOT that blows the gun out of Alonzo's hand. The children dash to one side. The fat man raises his hands and TRAXX FIRES A SERIES OF precisely placed SHOTS, hitting Alonzo's large BELT BUCKLE driving him backwards and out the window where he falls three stories.

TRAXX
...that's what happens when you don't behave.

He smiles and exits.

62- INT. THE JEEP - NIGHT

The jeep comes around a corner onto the "mean street."

Panic all along both sides. Hookers, hustlers, thieves, and degenerates stampeding in all directions. The jeep rolls patiently up the center of the street.

DEETER
(still cuffed)
So, you wanna get somethin' to eat?

TRAXX glances at him and Deeter smiles timidly. A police car fires by, SIREN SCREAMING headed for the whorehouse TRAXX just left.

TRAXX
Where do the dealers do business.

DEETER
All over man. Say, why don't you let me outta here so I don't get killed.

TRAXX
You won't be killed with me. You won't even get shot. I've never been shot.

DEETER
You've never been shot?

TRAXX
Never a nick.

At that instant BULLETS START TEARING THROUGH THE JEEP. Deeter tries to get on the floor, TRAXX just glances around trying to see where they're coming from.

63- ANGLE:

Wendall from the whorehouse. He is on the street corner BLASTING away with an old .45 AUTOMATIC. Now it's empty and he is fumbling with a clip trying to reload.

ANGLE:

TRAXX slips a U-turn and stops beside him. Wendall is trembling. He's dropping bullets and his feet are cemented to the spot. TRAXX impatiently watches him struggle with the gun.

TRAXX
Come on, come on.

Finally TRAXX grabs the gun and clip out of his hands.

TRAXX
(continuing)
You're making me crazy.

He slips a couple of bullets into the clip and slams it home in the butt of the gun.

TRAXX
(continuing)
If you're the kind of guy who rattles easy...

TRAXX is interrupted by Deeter's SCREAM.

DEETER (O.S.)
Look out!

ANGLE:

TRAXX turns, raises his .45 and FIRES out the opposite side window killing one of the other guys from the whore-house who was about to pull the trigger on a double bar-raled shotgun. Then, unphased, turns back to Wendall.

TRAXX
(continuing)
...sorry. Anyway, if you're a nervous type, get a revolver... they're a lot easier to deal with under pressure.

TRAXX tosses the .45 through the sewer opening in the curb.

TRAXX
(continuing)
Don't be around tomorrow.

TRAXX pulls away. Wendall turns and runs without looking, hits a bus stop sign and goes down and out.

64- INT. DISTRIBUTION POINT - NIGHT

A crowded apartment where dope is distributed to street dealers. The room is a mix of white men, Black men and Hispanics.

HARVEY
This shit's been stepped on so much it's got athlete's foot.

MILLER
What're you cutting it with?

HARVEY
Lactose.

MILLER
Baking soda is more practical. Keep your stash in the refrigerator and it takes the stink out of your vegetables and cheese.

A box EXPLODES THROUGH THE painted-out WINDOW and lands on the floor. It's the size of a shoe box. Someone has written on it in marking pen: "THIS IS A BOMB." Everyone in the room stops talking. They look at the box then at one another. Finally a few nervous smiles. Then a tiny wave of tense LAUGHTER. Black Man #1 finally moves toward the window, shuffling and smiling.

BLACK #1
Shit....Harold! Jive-ass... Harold did that. Thinks he's a funny fucker, man...

Black #1 throws open the window and leans out into the dark.

65- EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

Black #1 leaning out of the window:

BLACK #1
You ain't no Richard Pryor, Harold! Don't be fuckin' with us when we doin' business.

66- ANGLE ON TRAXX:

He is standing down in the dark crevice between the buildings. He looks up at the man in the window.

TRAXX
Hey!

BLACK #1
(peering down into dark)
Who's that?

TRAXX
Flap your arms and say, "I can fly! I can fly!"

BLACK #1
(pulling out a gun)
I shoot your damn face off!

67- The BOMB GOES OFF with an ENORMOUS ROAR and the man leaning out the window is blown out into the air.

68- INT. CHEAP ROOM - NIGHT

MEN sort through the "goods" a MEXICAN has laid out on the bed considering which of the illegal ARMS, including pistols, rifles and machine guns to buy.

MEXICAN
(smiling)
...everything comes with a twelve murder, twelve month warranty...which ever comes first.

CUSTOMER
That's good, man. I'd be pissed if one of these breaks down in the middle of a slaying.

The door is KICKED OPEN and TRAXX stands in the opening, Deeter cringing behind him.

TRAXX
I'm taking a census. You guys don't exist.

Foolishly they all go for guns. TRAXX draws two pistols and goes to work. He SHOOTS off belt buckles, coat buttons, shoe tassles, wrist-watches, dark glasses, cufflinks. He has them jumping all over the room.

69- EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - NIGHT

The men who were inside, diving out the windows. People in the next building casually watching those who are momentarily airborne, flashing past their windows.

70- EXT. THE MEAN STREET - NIGHT

This is a short sequence of TRAXX entering various buildings along the street, the VIOLENT sounds from inside as TRAXX dispatches the criminal population, lights flickering, smoke pouring from windows, men being tossed from third floor rooms, GUNSHOTS, people running into the streets, etc. TRAXX exits each building with a DANCE MOVE, twirls and heads to the next, spinning guns and strutting. It's a production number to him. CAMERA slowly PULLS BACK and dips to black.

71- EXT. STREET - CITY TRASH TRUCK - DAWN

ANOTHER ANGLE

MIGUEL, a santitation worker, runs along the side of the truck and jumps up on the steel step outside the passenger door. The driver is a man named HAROLD.

MIGUEL
Let's go!

Harold is bringing the huge truck around a corner to start the next block.

ANGLE ON THE HUGE COMPACTOR GARBAGE TRUCK

lumbering around the corner.

72- ANGLE THROUGH WINDSHIELD ON MIGUEL AND HAROLD

Harold's face freezes. He slams on the brakes and leans forward toward the windshield, eyes as round as 12-gauge bores.

HAROLD
...son...of a....bitch.

Miguel looks to see what has left his partner speechless.

73- EXT. THE LENGTH OF THE STREET

From each lampost on the block there is a man hanging by rope bound about his ankles. All are alive, each has a sign pinned to his chest. They are hollering to be "cut down."

CAMERA STARTS TO TRACK. There are trash barrels at the curb in front of every building.

74- Some are just full of garbage, but some contain the men TRAXX shot the night before. Some are stuffed in ass first leaving head and feet sticking up in the air. Others are rammed in head first.

As the CAMERA TRACKS the signs on those suspended by the ropes can be read: "I AM A PIMP." "I AM A MUGGER," "I'M JUST NO DAMN GOOD,"I'M A RAPIST, "I'M A PURSE SNATCHER," etc.

Also the CAMERA CATCHES glimpses of the people inside the squalid building. the shades are up just a bit, the curtains cautiously parted. Some just stare in wonder, others allow uncertain smiles.

75- ANGLE:

A public phone at the end of the street. Wendall is frantically dialing a number.

76- INT. ALDO PALLUCCI'S MANSION - MORNING

This very distinguished looking man is in his private barber salon off his bedroom. There is a separate manicurist working on either hand, a separate pedicurist working on each foot, a barber trimming his hair, a nurse swabbing the wax from his ears and a beautiful blonde standing by his side who seems to have no other purpose but to just pat and soothe his tummy. A male secretary named TIBBS sits on a stool taking down whatever Palucci says.

PALUCCI
(dictating)
...United Way...uh, twenty dollars, Salvation Army...ten, send five dollars to the Seven Hundred Club...I like God...I love 'em...we leavin' out any of the regulars?

TIBBS
The Heart Association and Cocaine Anonymous...

PALUCCI
Ten bucks each. No, wait, give Cocain Anonymous fifty. Always treat your competition with dignity.

The PHONE CONSOLE next to Tibbs begins to flash and RING.

PALUCCI
(continuing)
We oughta get their mailing list. Send all the members a gram of pure...just test their will a little, huh? Do 'em some good.

TIBBS
(into speaker phone)
Yes?

Wendall's VOICE comes over the SPEAKERS at a level just shy of distortion. He is hysterical, words slathered with spit and emotion. It is loud and jolting, but nobody working on Palucci registers any response. They continue

without any reaction to the sensory bombardment.

WENDALL (V.O.)
The motherfucker kicked shit outta every motherfucker on the mother-fucking street than hung the mother fuckers from the motherfuckin' poles.

In response to this abrasive torrent of obscenities things in the room begin self-destructing. MIRRORS BREAK, WINDOWS EXPLODE, SHELVES GIVE WAY, BOTTLES SHATTER, WALLS QUAKE, the SPEAKER PHONE CRACKS,etc. There is no reaction from any of the people.

WENDALL (V.O.)
(continuing)
The motherfucker is bad, my man! He is bad and mad and nobody knows what got the motherfucker so motherfuckin' pissed but the mother-fucker is and he is out to mother-fuckin' kill us all...damn!

PAULCCI
(unruffled)
Wendall, my number one man, my executive man, my main man, I bet you have something to tell me.

WENDALL (V.O.)
(very calmly)
...a man possessed of extra ordinary combative skills arrived in our tranquil hamlet this past night and proceeded to decimate a substantial portion of our working population. Myself, I am buying a ticket out of town...this is a courtesy call to provide information and say, adios, motherfucker.

The line goes dead. Still everybody continues with whatever they were doing prior to the call.

PALUCCI
(not concerned)
Tibbs, find out who he is talking about and have him killed...while you're at it, have Wendall killed. I was in a charitable mood 'til he called.

Tibbs picks up the phone and begins to dial. The SPEAKER we heard Wendall through CRACKS in half and falls on the floor.

77- INT. CITY HALL - DAY

A room swarming with reporters and their equipment. At the front of the confusion on a raised platform is a podium and a bouquet of microphones. Chief Decker is there beside a very attractive woman in her early forties. She has a contained sexiness. You sense she fights it every hour of the day. She'd put curves in armor. This is MAYOR ALEXANDRIA POTTS.

MAYOR
Apparently all the incidents were confined to a one block area.

REPORTER #1
There was only one man involved?

MAYOR
So far as we can tell.

REPORTER #2
Were all the victims members of the criminal community?

MAYOR
If you mean did all of them have some kind of criminal record...it seems that way.

REPORTER #3
There's been some speculation it may have been a renegade cop.

That brings Emmett to life.

EMMETT
(angry)
We don't have <u>renegade</u> cops!

REPORTER #2
Could it have been some kind of racial incident?

MAYOR
Very racial...whoever it was made certain he hit at lease one of everything. No race can bitch about being excluded.

REPORTER #4
Is it true Malcolm Howard from the ACLU is considering a class action suit against the city on behalf of the victims?

EMMETT
(with an edge)
The majority of those injured would have been safe and secure in the state penitentiary if it weren't for Mr. Howard.

MAYOR
(heading off a conflict)
That's it for now. When we have something more, we'll let you know.

The Mayor quickly snags Emmett's arm and heads him toward the door. The reporters are grumbling to one another.

MAYOR
(continuing to Emmett)
Don't think because you're retiring you can mess with the press...they'll wait and screw up your obituary.

EMMETT
You're assuming I'm going to die.

They exit.

78- INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The two pause for a second.

MAYOR
...if there were a couple free spirits in the department who were playin' a little catch up, I'd probably sympathize, but I'd want to know...

EMMETT
I know who it is.

MAYOR
What?

EMMETT
I met him. He told me what he was going to do. I thought he was a nut.

MAYOR
Where is he?

EMMETT
Probably taking a nap.

Emmett gives the Mayor an affectionate jolt on the shoulder and heads off up the corridor.

MAYOR
Why's he doing this?

EMMETT
He's gonna bill us for ten thousand dollars.

The Mayor stands there staring at Emmetts retreating backside.

MAYOR
That's ridiculous!

EMMETT
That's cheap...but you could probably dicker.

Emmett gives her a playful smile and disappears down an intersecting corridor.

79- EXT. CAMP SITE - DAY

TRAXX and Deeter sitting around a SPUTTERING CAMPFIRE. There is a small outdoor oven suspended above the blaze. TRAXX is poring over a pad of notes, Deeter is sitting a few feet away leaning against a fallen tree trunk.

DEETER
...I can't believe you been doin' what you say you been doin' all these years and never been shot.

TRAXX
Not a richochet. But most my friends been shot. What about a tuna-cookie? Every body likes tuna...

DEETER
Be real popular with cats. This "town-tamer" thing... That come to you in a religious frenzy or what?

TRAXX
I never finished high school. I should've and I wished I had, but I didn't so my options were limited.

TRAXX pulls on an asbestos glove and cautiously pulls open the small door on the little oven.

DEETER
With what you can do, why don't you just rob a bank or somethin'?

TRAXX pulls out a tiny tray of dark, smoking virulent looking cookies. He turns a cold, reproving eye on Deeter.

TRAXX
(dead serious)
Doesn't sound like you'd be much help pursuin' dreams.

TRAXX takes a tentative bite of a hot cookie. He chews very slowly, as though wary of broken glass. Deeter is feeling "outside", cut off from this strange man who has something he hasn't: a dream.

DEETER
...how is it?

TRAXX
Good texture.

DEETER
(self-consciously)
...I was thinkin'...since I'm puttin' in as much time as you...

TRAXX holds the bitten cookie up and smiles at it.

TRAXX
The process of creation...it's a miracle, man. It makes you feel so damn worthwhile...

DEETER
Well, you ain't payin' me for my expertise...so maybe you might wanna take me into the cookie thing too...I finished junior

college...took a lot a
business courses...

TRAXX
Cookies are sorta silly...I
don't think knowin' about
business is as important as a
blithe, bubbly spirit.

DEETER
Yeah, well, I ain't your man.
When I was ten my 'ol man
decided he didn't want any
family anymore...he got out
his gun...shot the shit outa
my "blithe."

Deeter raises his shirt to reveal an old gunshot wound on his right side in the rib cage. TRAXX stares at it, truly moved. He holds out the cookie.

TRAXX
...try a bite.

Deeter takes it tentatively and takes a small nip then chews carefully. TRAXX looks questioningly.

DEETER
(looking a bit pained)
...it's got grit...but man, this
tastes like shit.

TRAXX smiles with satisfaction. He takes the scrap of cookie and tosses it into the wood.

TRAXX
In the research and develop-
ment phase of the cookie
business, honesty is at least
important as blithe.

TRAXX tosses the whole tray into the bush. Deeter is still dealing with the horrible, but familiar taste clinging to the inside of his mouth.

DEETER
What was that?

TRAXX
Crushed cough drops. I was
going for the pharmaceutical
market. (smiles sheepishly)
...maybe I could use another
opinion.

TRAXX reaches out to shake Deeter's hand. We realize for the first time it is cuffed to the three trunk. TRAXX reaches a bit further to accomodate Deeter's shortened range. Deeter takes the hand and smiles.

DEETER
Too bad they already got an oreo.

Both men laugh while TRAXX pulls out the key to free Deeter of the cuffs.

80- INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The Chief is in a meeting with three other officers. It is a detail he is assembling to deal with TRAXX. The head is a tough-looking man named MAYHEW.

EMMETT
...we'll double up in all sectors and put at least one unmarked car in each...

MAYHEW
You figure we're going to get him alive?

EMMETT
You don't?

MAYHEW
He's liable to make one hell of a fight and I don't think there's a lot of men around here who are gonna be much help.

EMMETT
You'll get what you need.

MAYHEW
Half the guys like him on the streets...and the half's gettin' bigger.

The DOOR OPENS without a knock and an unhappy plainsclothes cop steps in. He looks sourly at Emmett. His name is PAUL.

PAUL
Judge Allison just threw out the indictments on the two pigs that raped the Willis girl.

EMMETT
Who's the asshole, D.A. or us?

PAUL
...us. Illegal search and seizure. Warrentless arrest.

EMMETT
So get warrants and we pick 'em up again.

PAUL
'Fraid not. Willis girl has had it. She doesn't want to go back to court again.

Paul shrugs helplessly and exits SHUTTING THE DOOR behind him.

81- INT. TRAXX'S JEEP - ANGLE ON A BOX OF .30 CALIBER BLANKS

TRAXX is loading in to the clip of a light-weight, very sophisticated machine gun with an open steel stock.

ANGLE ON TRAXX

He has the machine gun loaded, he puts the jeep in gear and lets it roll to the corner then turns.

82- EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The same street TRAXX raided his first night in town. Though fewer in number, the whores, pimps and thugs are back out on the sidewalk.

ANGLE ON TRAXX

as he pulls to the curb across the street from the action. He picks up the small machine gun and leans slightly out the driver's window.

TRAXX
Didn't I tell you to quit this nasty stuff or get out of town?!

Everybody on the street looks across and sees both TRAXX and the deadly gun. There is momentary paralysis followed by SHRIEKING panic and blind flight.

ANGLE ON TRAXX

He opens up with his gun full of blanks. He FIRES wildly on full automatic.

83. ANGLE ON WHORES

running in spike heels, ankles rolling over, knees giving out, sending them CAREENING INTO TRASH CANS and lamp posts; pimps DIVING THROUGH GLASS WINDOWS of the liquor store, destroying every bottle in the joint in their desperate plunge; thugs tripping over each other CRASHING AGAINST CLOSED DOORS. The GUNFIRE CONTINUES.

84. ANGLE ON TWO PIMPS

running across an intersection without looking are hit by a police car approaching at high speed. One pimp is knocked off the front fender, the other goes under the wheels.

85. INT. THE POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The two cops inside are Mayhew and the Driver, DOLAN

MAYHEW
Jesus! Did you hit 'em both?

DOLAN
I don't know.

MAYHEW
Back up!

86. EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The cop car is thrown into reverse and backs up at a reckless rate of speed and, in doing so, the tires again roll over the pimp they had just hit.

87. INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

The two cops looking at each other.

MAYHEW
Did you hit him again?

DOLAN
(same attitude)
...I don't know.

Mayhew leans out of his window and looks down.

88. MAYHEW'S POV

The feet of the pimp they have rolled over twice sticking out from beneath the car.

89- INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Mayhew turns and looks with a slightly chastening expression at Dolan.

MAYHEW
You did.

DOLAN
Probably be better to say we only hit him once.

MAYHEW
Probably.

90- ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD:

TRAXX can be seen leaning from the window of his jeep. He FIRES A BURST in the air, flashes them a triumphant smile and takes off.

MAYHEW
That's him! Go! Go!

91- STREET SHOT - THE COP CAR

ROARING away to give chase. In doing so, their car bounces over the pimp for the third time.

DOLAN (O.S.)
Aw, shit!

92- ANGLE:

TRAXX coming down a sidestreet and stopping in front of a corner grocery store. Deeter walks to the curb with a full shopping bag and the evening edition of two local newspapers. He gets in and they drive off.

93. INT. THE JEEP

Deeter is holding up the papers and examining the headlines. One reads, "LOOK MA NO MORE CRIME," and the other, "COWBOY STILL KICKING BUTT."

DEETER
This stuff's great, but we oughta get 'em a picture of you...

TRAXX peers into the top of the bag of groceries.

TRAXX
You got a flour mix?

DEETER
It was quicker.

TRAXX
Do I look like Betty Crocker!

DEETER
I couldn't remember all that shit!

TRAXX
Flour! Eggs! Butter! Sugar! Crab!

DEETER
Nobody's gonna eat crab cookies!

TRAXX
Why not? They eat crab cakes?

TRAXX notices smething in the rear view mirror.

TRAXX
(continued)
Shit...hang on!

94- EXT. THE STREET

TRAXX punches it and the jeep leaps forward.

95- ANGLE:

A dark limo is half a block behind. It too picks up speed.

96- INT. THE LIMO

Tibbs is beside the driver and the passenger space beyond the glass divider is crammed with fifteen mean bastards. They are angrily wedged in.

TIBBS
Don't lose him!

97- INT. THE JEEP

TRAXX is driving like a wild man. He glances over at Deeter.

TRAXX
You got your seat belt on?

DEETER
I'd rather have the option of jumping.

TRAXX
Buckle up! You wanna get me a ticket?

Deeter's eyes widen at the sight of something ahead. He shrieks.

98. POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD

an AMBULANCE SCREAMING through traffic on the wrong side of the road, emergency lights and SIREN BLASTING.

99. EXT. STREET

Masterful driving. TRAXX veers diagonally across the street, misses several stopped cars, jumps the curb, roars along the sidewalk, the front bumper clipping a string of parking meters and knocking them into the street, does a sliding 180 degree turn and heads back up through the scattered cars still stopped after the ambulance passed through.

100- ANGLE

The limo sliding like a huge eel doing its best to keep up.

101- INT. THE LIMO

The rear windows are going down and all those men in the back are trying to get their guns clear to get a shot at the jeep. It is so crowded it is comical. They push, shove, CURSE, wiggle and GRUNT. When they fire the HUGE EXPLOSIONS are just beside the ears of other thugs. They push and slug each other in an attempt to get a clear shot at TRAXX.

102- ANGLE

As the jeep cuts in and out of the stopped cars all the drivers are either out of their cars or leaning out the windows CHEERING TRAXX on. He holds up a clinched fist from the driver's window as he slashes past. The ambulance, seeing potential business, has swung around and chases after the two cars.

ANGLE

Ten handguns jutting from the same window of the limo; all FIRE at once.

ANGLE

The jeep tearing off up the street, the limo not far behind.

103- INT. JEEP

Deeter looks catatonic.

TRAXX
I have an idea!

DEETER
I just checked with God and he's out!

TRAXX
Take off your seat belt!

DEETER
Never in life!

TRAXX
This never fails!.....
You drive.

TRAXX opens his door and bails out. Deeter frantically reaches for the wheel and struggles with the seat belt.

104- EXT. THE JEEP

It veers off onto a dirt road; the limo still in pursuit.

105- INT. LIMO

Through the windshield they can see the jeep sitting at the end of the dark road. There doesn't seem to be anybody in it. The limo stops and the men start climbing out. Not easy the way they were crammed in. Like the circus, twenty clowns climb out of one tiny car.

106- EXT. DARK ROAD

The fifteen men fan out, guns in hand and move slowly toward the silent jeep.

TIBBS
(at the jeep)
Come on out!

No response. They continue moving forward.

TIBBS
You haven't got a chance!

ANGLE

The line of men facing the CAMERA and behind them, stands TRAXX. His guns are holstered. He stands in classic "gunfighter" posture.

TRAXX
...maybe just a little chance.

All the men tense. They realize he is behind them.

TRAXX
(continued)
Turn around real slow...

They do. Their faces show confusion, then smiles when they see him standing there alone, no gun in hand. They think he is nuts.

TRAXX
(continued)
You slime ever play "cowboys" when you were child-slime?

TIBBS
(controlling a laugh)
We gonna, "shoot it out?"

TRAXX
Or you could toss away your guns.

TIBBS
You're out of your mind.

TRAXX
No, just an optimist. Okay, on three...one...two...

Without waiting for "three", they all bring their guns up to fire. Instead of drawing one of his pistols, TRAXX reaches around and swings out an Uzi he had on the back of his belt. With two flaming, raking moves, he DISARMS AND WOUNDS them all. TRAXX stands there, Uzi smoking in his hands. The thugs have all fallen in one huge pile.

Deeter pops up behind the wheel of the jeep, kicks over the engine and pulls up next to TRAXX.

DEETER
Bet you sleep like a baby tonight.

They share a flinty smile. TRAXX climbs in. In the b.g. the ambulance pulls up and two greedy men in white jump out, hopping around like they'd found gold. They start pitching the wounded into the back.

107- EXT. THE COURT HOUSE - DAY

A NEWSCASTER is standing with Malcolm Howard and the two rapists we glimpsed in the early crime montage(#7), and MR. MORSE and MR. OOTZ. The newscaster holds a microphone.

NEWSCASTER
...that these two men were positively identified as those who attacked Ms. Willis is of no significance to you?

HOWARD
(a bit defensive)
Guilt or innocence never became an issue. Their basic civil rights had been compromised...

In the b.g. the Willis girl is being escorted away by her lawyers and parents. She is shaken and forlorn. Ootz and Morse wave at her and make SALACIOUS SOUNDS.

NEWSCASTER
You know the Willis girl and her family refused to go through the re-arrest and trial all over again?

HOWARD
I do and I think that's unfortunate.

NEWSCASTER
I'll bet you do. That's it from the courthouse, back to the studio.

108- INT. PALUCCI'S OFFICE - MORNING

An expensively furnished room within a suite of offices nestled in a skyscraper high above the city. Five MEN are seated around a large conference table. Most are absently sipping from coffee cups, others smoke,

some wield large cigars. All are well dressed, appearing to be a group of extremely successful businessmen. The DOOR OPENS and everyone stirs as Aldo Palucci enters. He stops at the head of the table, but does not sit.

PALUCCI
...sorry I'm late. Mr. Grebs was showing me the most recent statistics...

More uneasiness in the room

PALUCCI
(continuing; speaks deliberately)
Frankly, I had expected this situation to have been taken care of by now...maybe some people have to be benched for awhile...

There are MUMBLINGS all around the table. Palucci pulls a folded piece of paper from his inside pocket and opens it with some ceremony.

PALUCCI
(continuing)
...Grebs put together comparative figures for this past week and the one just prior... inventory on hand two weeks ago, one point eight million... street value...inventory now... two point five million..we're becoming little squirrels.

A ripple of anxiety passes through the room.

PALUCCI
(continuing)
...number of street operatives two weeks ago...that's pushers, mauliers, brawlers, bagmen, hustlers, pimps, wimps, junkies, flunkies, thugs, pugs, mugs and sales reps...three hundred and seventy-five. Now we can only locate about fourteen.
(slipping into a full rage)
Sales two weeks ago were two million six hundred forty-one thousand dollars and eighty cents!

Palucci reaches under his jacket and yanks free a matched pair of nickel plated Colt .45's. Everyone in the room dives for cover. Palucci FIRES wildly. BULLETS SLAM INTO FURNITURE, BREAK WINDOWS, KNICKKNACKS, ASHTRAYS, FRAMED PICTURES, DECANTERS, WATER GLASSES, ETC. All the while Palucci is shouting and his "board" cowers on the floors.

PALUCCI
(continuing)
This week...three hundred forty five dollars and sixty-two cents! We'd be better off selling Herba-life!!

Palucci's assistant, Tibbs, gets to his feet. He raises one hand in a timid gesture. His other arm is in a sling from his confrontation with TRAXX.

TIBBS
...could I say something, A.P.?

Palucci lets loose a BARAGE OF SHOTS that inflict a half dozen very superficial wounds in Tibbs. The man never flinches, never winces, shows no sign of pain. He simply glances down at the assortment of wounds, looks back at Palucci and starts to drop back into hiding.

TIBBS
(continuing)
Never mind.

PALUCCI
Now, anybody got any ideas what to do about this cowboy?

The five men answer in perfect unison, like the rooting section at a football stadium.

FIVE MEN
Kill the fucker!!!

PALUCCI
You tried that you ass-kissin' faggot gondoliers! I want the Guziks!

FIVE MEN
They're doin' time!

PALUCCI
So how do we get 'em out?

FIVE MEN
Bust 'em out!

PALUCCI
Too primitive!

FIVE MEN
Threaten the lives of innocent people!

PALUCCI
Now you're talking! Give me ten push-ups and hit the showers!

All the men, including Tibbs, drop into the prone position and start pumping out the required push-ups. Palucci drops into his chair, hits the remote for the TV and fixes his attention on the 700 CLUB

ANGLE

Tibbs, the man Palucci shot, is also down on the floor doing the required push-ups with one arm.

109- INT. TRAXX'S JEEP - NIGHT

They are cruising the bad end of town. Deeter is taking bites out of a tray full of various "new" cookies. After a single nip off each he tosses it out the window. The RADIO is tuned to the local NEWSCAST.

TRAXX
...you think maybe you're being too critical?

DEETER
You wanna just divide 'em into two groups, those that kill and those that don't?

TRAXX
..try dunkin' 'em in somethin'.

Deeter looks at him as though he were kidding. He's not. The NEWSCAST COMES TO THE FORE.

FRANK (V.O.)
...and in another apparent rejection of public well-being, the Federal Court held that in spite of local residents complaints regarding the

(continued)
"Skin-Tite Bar," its clientele
and reported drug distribution
on the premises, it shall be
allowed to retain its license...

110- EXT. THE "SKIN-TITE" TOPLESS BAR - NIGHT

A scabby bar on a commercial street that otherwise appears quite proper. Men go in and out.

The MUSIC from within is getting LOUDER and filling the SOUND TRACK. The front of TRAXX'S jeep slides IN FRAME in the f.g.

111- INT. "SKIN-TITE BAR" - NIGHT

A lurid place. Barmaids with no tops move through the bluish-pink light carrying drinks and dodging the dancing fingers of patrons trying for a tiny feel. A BAND PLAYS ROCK MUSIC on a small stage. It is very noisy.

ANGLE

TRAXX kicks open the front door and steps in with his Uzi machine gun in one hand.

TRAXX
All right! Listen up!

For emphasis, he FIRES A SINGLE, SHORT BURST from the UZI into the ceiling.

TRAXX
...sorry. All right! The
decent people on one side of
the room, scum on the other!

Everybody moves toward the bar where most of the patrons had been gathered. They are all on one side of the room.

TRAXX
(continuing, a
little amazed)
You're all scum?

With one wild rush the whole herd charges to the other side.

TRAXX
(continuing)
We're not getting anywhere!

They start to charge to the other side and then it erupts

in name-calling. Everybody is identifying everyone else as "SCUM." It breaks out in a free-for-all. Men and women slugging it out, kicking each other when they're down.

ANGLE

Deeter rushes in with a 35mm still CAMERA hung around his neck. He stops in front of TRAXX and arranges the way he holds the gun and turns him so the melee is in the b.g.

DEETER
I'm thinkin' maybe we should do a poster.

He snaps the picture and TRAXX quickly goes back to business. He fires another short burst. Everyone freezes.

TRAXX
All right! Enough already! If you ever come back in this joint again, you're dead.

TRAXX says this matter-of-factly, giving each who passes a friendly pat on the shoulder as though they were leaving his house and he were encouraging them to drive carefully.

TRAXX
(continuing)
...remember, see you here again, you're dead. Goodnight...come back and you're dead...'night...

Everybody files out of the bar including the musicians carrying their instruments.

112- EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Police cars converge at an intersection and then fall into a line. They are moving at high speed.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
...report of gunfire at "Skin-Tite Bar" on Billings...all units in vicinity respond.

113- INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

The two officers inside are uniformed police. The driver

is a young man named WEBER, the passenger, a veteran named FLETCHER. He looks out the rear. They are in the lead car. He waves for the car behind to come alongside.

114 EXT. STREET

The second patrol car in line comes up beside Fletcher's car.

115 ANGLE ON FLETCHER

hollering to the other car.

FLETCHER
Hey! What do you wanna do if it's the cowboy??

The cop riding passenger in the other car is named HALLIS. He shouts back.

HALLIS
We sure as hell don't wanna catch him!

FLETCHER
Mayhew does and he's out here somewhere!

HALLIS
We can entertain him with the radio!

FLETCHER
(laughing loudly)
That's a fart of an idea! Drop back and tell everybody else!

Hallis waves and drops back.

116- EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Mayhew's car coming to an intersection. As it does, a police car knifes through the cross traffic, red lights blinking, SIREN SCREAMING.

117 MAYHEW'S CAR

MAYHEW
(grabbing two-way)
Unit seventy-seven! Where you goin'?

UNIT 77 (V.O.)
In pursuit of the cowboy, over.

MAYHEW
Ten-four! Right behind you!
(to Dolan)
Let's go!

Dolan puts on his turn signal and makes a cautious turn.

MAYHEW
(continuing)
Let's go.

DOLAN
Are we going to be fuelish?

MAYHEW
Move!!

118- EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Dolan stomps on the gas pedal and the car slides first sideways in one direction then the other, moving broadside as much as forward until control is finally had.

119- EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Unit 77 passes at high speed. Mayhew's car can be seen in the distance behind. As Unit 77 passes a dark side street, another unit rifles out of the narrow chute and crosses behind Unit 77 and in front of Mayhew.

120- INT. MAYHEW'S CAR - NIGHT

Again he grabs the two-way.

MAYHEW
Unit just crossing Burton Avenue!
Where you goin'?

UNIT (V.O.)
The cowboy!

MAYHEW
(to Dolan)
Turn!

121- EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The car slides sideways, goes up the curb out of control

and DIVES right through the front WINDOW OF A STORE. The SOUNDS OF DESTRUCTION MOVE LEFT TO RIGHT and the CAMERA TRACKS with the noise. The car finally ERUPTS through the GLASS FRONT of A STORE further up the block.

122- INT. FLETCHER'S CAR - NIGHT

He and his partner are hysterical.

OVER THEIR RADIO come the deliberately confusing contradictory calls from one of the decoy units to another, punctuated now and again by Mayhew's pleas for information.

UNIT 1 (V.O.)
He's headed east of twenty-fourth!

UNIT 2 (V.O.)
Just identified at corner of Twelfth and Borden!

MAYHEW (V.O.)
Which is it???

UNIT 1 (V.O.)
He's on Twenty-fourth!

UNIT 3 (V.O.)
I got him!

MAYHEW (V.O.)
Where???

UNIT 3 (V.O.)
Passing the McDonald's!

MAYHEW (V.O.)
Which one?

UNIT 3 (V.O.)
Across from the "Colonel!"

123-126 VARIOUS SHOTS

All the officers in the other cars are laughing their butts off. They have their two-way radios turned up nice and loud.

MAYHEW (V.O.)
Which one, Asshole???

DOLAN (V.O.)
(in the b.g.)
...you can't say "asshole" on the radio.

MAYHEW (V.O.)
(aside to Dolan)
Fuck off.

UNIT 3 (V.O.)
Catty-corned from the Jack-In-The-Box in the block with the Burger King and Photomat!!

MAYHEW (V.O.)
You guys like Dolan??? I got a gun to his head!

127- EXT. STREET - WIDE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Mayhew's squad car is stopped in the center of the intersection. Police cars are boring down on the paved joint at a jarring rate of speed from all four directions. SIRENS and lights operative.

128- INT. MAYHEW'S CAR - NIGHT

He looks all around him and sees cars coming from every direction and ducks with his two-way mike in hand.

MAYHEW
Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiit!!

129- OVERHEAD SHOT

At very high speed all four patrol cars converge on the intersection and with startling precision crisscross without so much as a scrape. All ROAR on into the night. The little unmarked car of Mayhew sits woefully in the center of the crossed streets and QUAKES. Then a puddle begins spreading from beneath the trembling hulk. The car is pissing in its pants and shaking.

130- INT. SAN QUENTIN PENITENTARY/PAROLE BOARD OFFICE - DAY

Six well-dressed MEN of distinction are seated at one table all in a line. Across the room, three ugly TRIPLETS sit in chairs side by side. Big, ugly, identical morons with matching birthmarks on their right cheeks. Clearly all are homicidal. The head of the parole board is disgusted by what he must do.

FOREMAN
...killing is a terrible thing. Killing a Little League team is particularly terrible...we think you know that now. So, although your sentence was life, your

FOREMAN
(continued)
exemplary behavior and your impressive rehabilitation has persuaded us to reexamine your cases...

Throughout the entire proceedings, the WARDEN is standing just behind the GUZIKS with a large gun levels at their heads. His eyes are wide and unblinking, perspiration pours off his face.

FOREMAN
(continuing)
...and having done so, it has been determined you shall have your sentences reduced by eighty-three years making you eligible for immediate parole. We certainly hope you boys will keep your noses clean...Warden, you can release them.

The Warden opens the office door, motions to the outer office and three enormous guards enter with clubs and "herd" the three goons out.

131 - EXT. PENITENTIARY - DAY

The three Guzik Brothers coming out the main gate to a long black limo

132- INT. PENITENTIARY - PAROLE OFFICE - DAY

The parole board stands anxiously at the window. The Foreman has the phone up to his ear.

133- ANGLE THROUGH THE WINDOW

The limo pulling away with a triple mooning out the side window. Each of the three Guzik asses has upon it the same birthmark each had on their faces.

FOREMAN
...they're gone. I swear.

134- INT. MEAT PACKING PLANT - DAY

Palucci is holding the phone. He turns and shouts OFF CAMERA.

PALUCCI
All right! Ship 'em!!

ANGLE

A meat packing plant. The conveyor system is a line of iron hooks hanging from a ceiling track. There is a person, alive and unharmed hanging upside down from every hook. Their ankles are bound and looped over the metal stirrups. Someone throws the switch and they start to move toward the shipping door. We see: Kids in Little League uniforms, women in housecoats, in tea dresses, ministers, infants in cradles, butlers in livery, grandparents in rocking chairs, old people in wheelchairs, domestic help with pots in hand, a cheerleader with pom poms, a rabbi, an NFL referee, one of the Lakers, Tommy Lasorda, Nixon, Big Bird, etc.

135- EXT. WIDE ANGLE/ENTIRE TOWN - DAWN

We see the sun rising on the far side of this peaceful little hamlet. It is the kind of sunrise we have not seen since the Disney animated features. It is glorious and accompanied by the sound of birds happily tweeting in the nearby woodlands.

SERIES OF DISSOLVES AS WE PUSH IN

136- EXT. STREET - DAY

Crowd gathered around a souvenir stand on wheels. Deeter is selling TRAXX momentos: Posters, model jeeps, bumper stickers, pennants, 8 x 10 photos, patches and most importantly, T-shirts. On the front is a picture of our hero and above it reads, TRAXX. On the back of the shirt it reads: "Garbage you dump...trash you kill."

A GHETTO BLASTER COOKS and it's tuned to the station we heard earlier. There is MUSIC and jubilation in the air. People dancing, young and old, tension is nil, joy is everywhere. These people have their streets back.

TED (V.O.)
And it is very, very peaceful in Butlerville this morning. I have a feeling there's going to be a record turnout for our annual 4th of July picnic and fireworks next week. And I think everybody should feel like dedicating this new release to the man who's making us all feel a lot better than we have in a long time...that thrashin', bashin', bitin', crashin', dancin', hootin', shootin' Cowboy!!
(beat)
...from Deep Water...just released "Lettin' Us Out!!"

(*ANOTHER ORIGINAL PIECE OF MUSIC, THIS IS TO BE UP, A SOLID, INFECTIOUS RHYTHM THAT ELEVATES THE SPIRIT, CELEBRATES THE POTENTIAL TO SOAR, KEEPS THE BODY MOVING, FOOT TAPPING, HEART SKIPPING, FACE SMILING, POSSIBILITIES ENDLESS AND THE CITY ROCKING.)

A series of shots showing the new spirit around town. Graffiti being removed, drugstore owner allowing kids to read new edition comic books, interior of the court house showing a judge and bailiff with nothing to do, people taking down "For Sale" signs on their lawns, a cop tossing a basketball back to some kids, in short, an INVERSION OF THE MONTAGE running from page 13 through 14.

142- EXT. TRAXX'S CAMPSITE - DAY

TRAXX is trying to bake an experimental batch of cookies over the campfire. Deeter is trying to be helpful, but is only managing to get in the way. They gesture and HOLLER at each other like old ladies, but none of it is heard over the music pouring from the jeep stereo. Deeter is wearing one of the T-Shirts.

WIDE ANGLE TO INCLUDE

Mr. Ootz and Mr. Morse tethered spread eagle between a pair of trees and Ms. Willis, in knee-high boots, is dealing out retribution. In TIME TO THE MUSIC she alternates kicking one in the groin then the other. She never misses a stroke, never loses a beat. Primal choreography at its best. She moves like Tina Turner. Ootz and Morse are soaring to plateaus of pain never envisioned before.

PULL OUT to enlarge this sylvan setting and diminish the sense of pain. Her movement and the music give it a tranquil, celebratory feel. And the MUSIC goes on.

143- INT. CHIEF OF POLICE'S OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Emmett's RECEPTIONIST is a fledgling tap dancer. She has an instructional TAPE on the CASSETTE PLAYER and the tune is something "hot" from the 1940's. Though inept, she is tapping her ass off to the big band number. Emmett exits the inner office while slipping into his jacket. He glances at her irritably, but it does nothing to discourage her.

EMMETT
(talking over music)
I'm going to the Mayor's press conference then I'll be in a meeting with her most of the afternoon.

The Receptionist tries to look professional. She glances up from her feet and smiles at Emmett.

RECEPTIONIST
Have a good time.

EMMETT
Don't you have anything <u>better</u> to do?

RECEPTIONIST
(proud smile)
Yeah! Watch!

She executes several "stagey" steps from The Trainers heyday. Not well, clumsily in fact, but cute. Emmett turns and walks out the door.

144- INT. THE CORRIDOR - DAY

Every cop Emmett passes is smiling.

ANGLE AT THE OTHER END OF THE CORRIDOR

Mayhew is coming out of his office headed toward Emmett. He looks like hell. Rumpled clothes, unshaven, circles around his eyes, stub of a dead cigarette poking from the corner of his mouth. He stops Emmett-

MAYHEW
(tough, Bogart-like)
We gotta talk.

EMMETT
Walk and talk. I'm late.

Emmett starts walking again down the long corridor. Mayhew measures his stride and stays abreast.

MAYHEW
I was in hot pursuit last night and deliberately misdirected by radio a dozen times!

EMMETT
Probably truckers on their CBs.

MAYHEW
(confused)
Truckers?

EMMETT
Truckers! High-ballers! Concrete Cowboys! Diesel-Dingies! Rubber duckers! Highway Humpers! Gas passers!

They have reached the end of the corridor where the stairs rise through a wide shaft and grip the second floor. Mayhew stops and so does Emmett.

MAYHEW
(petulant child)
It wasn't truckers!

The Chief just waves indecisively over his should and walks on. There is the sound of MUFFLED LAUGHTER, Mayhew wheels around. The corridor is empty, but somebody is laughing behind every door.

145- INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

The mid-afternoon newscast is in progress. Newcaster Frank Williams is at the news desk.

FRANK
...and today, the Guzik brothers, the three men who killed an entire Little League team two years ago in a point shaving scandal, were granted parole. They had been scheduled to be executed but that was ruled, "cruel and unusual" punishment. The parole board cites "really swell behavior" as the reason for their abrupt release.

146- Behind Frank a graphic is chroma-keyed. A very simplistic, floating outline of two men suspended in the spread-eagle position.

FRANK
And in the local news, Edgar Morse and Pete Ootz, the two men accused of raping Mary

FRANK
(continuing)
Willis crawled into the emergency hospital this morning babbling incoherently about having been kidnapped by the cowboy, taken into the hills, tied to trees....

At this point Frank is starting to lose his composure. At first only a tight smile.

FRANK
...where Ms. Willis was then allowed to repeatedly...
(he is laughing)
...brutally...unmercifully...

Frank's head drops to the desk once as a wave of half-stifled laughter hits. He lifts his head quickly trying to recover from the professional lapse.

FRANK
(continuing off)
It says here, "rhythmically"... does that mean there was an orchestra?

His head hits the desk top again. He is hysterical.

O.S. the angry Stage Manager is heard admonishing him.

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)
Frank! Get it together!

Frank sits bolt upright and struggles with his own sense of humor.

FRANK
Rhythmically, kick them in the nuts...

At that point a red light begins to pulsate behind the area on each of the graphics where the two men's testicles would reside. Frank turns, glances at the graphic and his head hits the desk with a loud THUNK! Tears are running down his face.

FRANK
(continuing)
I meant <u>testicles</u>! Not nuts...

STAGE MANAGER (O.S.)
Come on, Frank! The remote, Frank!

Wads of paper pepper Frank from O.S. He finally sits up and looks INTO THE CAMERA with his laughter still beyond his control.

FRANK
Now we go live to City Hall and Mayor Pott's press conference...

The second he finishes the announcement Frank immediately turns to look to one side O.S.

FRANK
(continuing)
...I ain't going to be fired, am I? Hey, Alan...am I fuckin' out of here?

147- INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

The Chief is standing at the Podium answering questions from a roomful of reporters. Mayor Potts is standing right beside him.

REPORTER #1
Is it true the police aided the cowboy last night?

EMMETT
Bullshit.

REPORTER #2
There are rumors the city has actually hired this man.

EMMETT
Bullshit!

Now he coaxes the Reporters with his hands as one might encourage someone to throw a punch at him. He is combative, angry, defiant.

REPORTER #3
Isn't it true this guy is doing exactly what you want him to?

EMMETT
Bullshit!

REPORTER #4
What do you say to the stories...

EMMETT
(cutting him off)
Bullshit!!

The Reporter is seen nodding agreeably and writing something in his notepad.

REPORTER #5
Is there any truth to...

EMMETT
(cutting him off)
Bullshit!

The room is dead silent for a second then a hand goes up in the rear of the room. A man in a corduroy jacket, tie, thick horn rim glasses pipes up. Only the audience recognizes him as TRAXX.

TRAXX
Chief Decker...what's your personal feeling about this guy's approach to law and order?

EMMETT
...well, compared to a lot of judges who think adequate punishment for murderers and child molesters is a tiny room with a sink, and toilet, and TV, three meals a day, recreation, a library, schooling, conjugal visitation, movies and a good chance to eventually get out and do it all over again...it's refreshing.

There is a spontaneous applause from move than half of those in the room. Emmett raises his hand in acknowledgement and walks out.

148- INT. CORRIDOR IN CITY HALL - DAY

Emmett and Mayor Potts walking side-by-side at a steady pace. A uniformed COP can be seen coming at them from behind, a good distance back up the hall.

MAYOR
You just endorsed him. Did you hear yourself? You said he's doing fine.

EMMETT
Isn't he?

MAYOR
You in touch with him again?

The uniformed policeman catches up.

COP
Mayor! One of the reporters gave me this for you...

The Cop starts back in the direction he'd come from. The mayor opens the envelope and reads the note inside.

MAYOR
Never mind. I am

The Chief takes the note and reads it.

149- INT. TAVERN - DAY

One of Palucci's men, a guy named MIKE, stands against a wall talking on the pay phone.

MIKE
I'm sorry Mr. Palucci, I didn't have any choice... they said they wanted to "goof" tonight.

A bottle smashes on the wall by Mike's head.

MIKE
(continued)
"Goof!" Like have a good time after three years in stir.

Another bottle, a glass and a dish shatter around him. Then a knife imbeds next to his neck.

ANOTHER ANGLE

To reveal the entire interior. It is mayhem and it is dangerous. The Guziks are drinking from bottles, fighting, pursuing women, knocking people on their butts and overall brutalizing the patrons of this small tavern. They have a pinball machine pulled over in front of the door so nobody can leave. There are several unconscious men strewn about. The JUKEBOX is LOUD ENOUGH to CONCEAL the FRIGHTENED SCREAMS. These three goons are real barbarians. Cruel maniacs. They never stop LAUGHING.

150- EXT. LOCAL LIBRARY - NIGHT

It is late. The building is dark. No pedestrians, no street traffic. Absolutely quiet. Then a single set of headlights swing slowly around the corner and the Chief's car rolls to a slow stop at the curb.

151- INT. THE CAR

The Chief and the Mayor are in the front seat. They are looking at the building.

EMMETT
...why the hell you think he chose the library?

MAYOR
It's quiet.

EMMETT
It's two in the morning, so's everywhere else...you shouldn't go in alone.

MAYOR
(opening the car door)
If you come in there's gonna be some macho-shit. Wait here, I'll be fine...

152- ANGLE

She climbs out and moves along the concrete path to the front door. She is startled when Deeter suddenly opens it from the inside. He has BANDOLIERS strung across his chest in profession. That combined with all the grenades make him very front heavy. It's an effort for him to stay upright. He has a bandana around his head. He smiles at her and holds the door open.

DEETER
He's in the "cooking and home improvement section."

She steps in and Deeter steps outside to stand guard. When the heavy wooden door SLAMS SHUT it catches Deeter on the shoulder and he loses his balance and falls forward out of FRAME onto his face.

153- INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The Mayor stands in a dark corridor, light from the main room reflecting flatly off the slick floor. She looks

at herself in the glass covering a bulletin board. She loosens her hair, moistens her mouth, removes one earring and finally after a second's thought, undoes the top button of her blouse. Now she heads to the main chamber a noteable sultriness to her gait.

154- INT. MAIN ROOM

TRAXX is sitting at the far end of a long table, a single library lamp beside him shines down on several books open and spread around along with a legal pad that's covered with notes.

The Mayor starts toward him at an even, provocative pace. Finally TRAXX looks up from his work and sinks back in his chair to watch her approach. She pauses at the other end of the long reading table. She speaks in an unexpectedly breathy, sexy voice.

MAYOR
...so you're him.

TRAXX
(already taken with her)
Well, one of many "hims."

MAYOR
Why the library?

TRAXX
(showing cover of cookbook)
Research...my cookies taste like rocks.

She starts down the length of the table toward him.

MAYOR
Why'd you wanna see me?

TRAXX
(dazed by her "heat")
...my rocks taste like cookies.
(catching himself)
...uh, I mean my batter is flawed.

Suddenly she bends forward and lays the most passionate kiss on TRAXX. Nails raking his chest, her tongue checks the contents of his stomach. TRAXX is momentarily overwhelmed, then, as he is about to get into it, she pulls back and stands up straight, dignity regained.

MAYOR
All right! We can't have any of that. It's hopeless. We're on opposite sides. Good, bad. Right, wrong. Salacious, mendacious. Evil, Kanevil.

She dives on him again. And again after a few frighteningly hot seconds, she pulls back.

MAYOR
(impatiently)
So you gonna tell me why I'm here tonight or you just wasting my time?

Now she starts breathing like a woman anticipating a volcanic orgasm. TRAXX'S eyes widen. He seems concerned that should she "go off," she'd take the whole building with her.

TRAXX
If I'm gonna finish this job off right...

MAYOR
(mumbling deleriously)
..."job off."

TRAXX
I have to have the names of the power-brokers, the crime bosses, the big guys...

MAYOR
(swooning with heat)
...the big guys...right...find the big guys...

She pounces again. TRAXX just leans back, arms wide and doesn't even try to get a grip on her. He knows the riff. When she pulls back he is nearly faint.

MAYOR
(all business again)
Why didn't you ask the Chief?

TRAXX
Since you're the one who's gonna pay my bill, you're the one I have to satisfy.

The Mayor lifts her skirt above her hips revealing gorgeous legs, long silk stockings, her garter belt and panties resembling an eye patch.

MAYOR
How you want it, cash or trash?

TRAXX jumps to his feet. His end of the table lifts four inches off the floor. Though we cannot see anything, clearly the result of the sexual intensity has produced a physical reaction in TRAXX that has hooked on the under side. As the Mayor talks she slithers up on to the table. The end hooked on TRAXX's appendage never dips though his expression undergoes some dramatic changes.

MAYOR
What makes you think this place isn't surrounded. What makes you think you're not under arrest?

TRAXX
(talking with some difficulty)
Beeecause...

He holds his arms up and out to his side to demonstrate he is in no way augmenting the strength of his member. He is sweating bullets.

TRAXX
(continued)
I don't think you could get reelected... as....the...Mayor... who brought crime back to town!

The Mayor has slid around so she is sitting on the raised end of the table right in front of TRAXX, their faces just inches apart, veins popping in his neck and forehead.

MAYOR
(breathy again)
...you gettin' any?

TRAXX
Mercenaries and bakers don't get in a lot of social situations.

MAYOR
Mayor's can't fornicate with voters. It compromises the office...

MAYOR
(continuing)
I haven't been laid since I
was elected...three years ago.

A rainbow of fear, expectation and awe light his face.

TRAXX
...oh, no.

The Mayor throws herself at him.

MAYOR
Let's read!

He falls backward, she is clinging to him. They are on their feet kissing, hugging, GROANING in a violent, lusty dance that carries them into one of the aisles and out of sight.

155- ANGLE

CAMERA TRACKS along the near side of a high aisle formed by book shelves. BOOKS FLY OFF, GROANS AND MOANS ECHO in the vast room the CAMERA moves on to the card catelogue section. Three by five cards fly in the air like confetti. A CHAIR FLIES high above aisle. Clothes sail into the air and hang from ceiling lights. The whole room begins to shake.

156- EXT. EMMETT'S POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Emmett and Deeter are in the front seat with beer and sandwiches. They have the BASKETBALL GAME somehow tuned in through the ON-BOARD COMPUTER TERMINAL. Neither is aware of the quaking in the library or the flickering unearthly LIGHT that SPARKS erratically in different windows.

157- EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

It is early morning. The long, black limo carrying the Guziks roars along an empty stretch of road towards a toll booth. The three can be heard singing an enthusiatic rendition of OLD MACDONALD, complete with animal noises.

158- INT. THE LIMO

The three Guziks are wedged onto the bench seat and Mike, clothes mussed, hair on end, eyes wide and fearful, huddles on a jump seat where the three brutes kick him

each time the song calls for making a barnyard sound. He is the barnyard.

159- EXT. THE LIMO

Slides to a screeching halt at the toll booth. A grey haired OLD MAN with a kindly smile sits inside. The driver of the limo hands him the proper change.

OLD MAN
Have a nice day.

As the limo pulls forward one of the Guziks tosses a grenade into the booth. The old man goes half mad trying to get out.

160- ANGLE

The limo pulls away and the BOOTH BLOWS UP in a geyser of flame before the old man gets the door open. The SINGING continues, punctuated by pig and chicken noises.

161- EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

A MAN we recognize from Palucci's "board meeting" takes a swing at a tennis ball. He is dressed in conventional tennis garb distinguished by the massive lumps under the tight shirt. There is a gun under each arm.

ANGLE

Another man from that same meeting, dressed the same, guns under the shirt, volleys back the shot.

ANGLE

ALL EIGHT MEN from that meeting are playing tennis on the same court. Four to a side. Nobody has to move, every shot is a volley. It's more like volleyball than tennis. A GOON stands by the net with a huge basket of fresh balls. When somebody misses, another is tossed into play. Nobody serves. There are loose balls everywhere. Another goon on the opposite side of the court keeps score out loud.

GOON
....22 to 33...ah, good one...
25½ to 47⅞...56.7 to 89.3...

ANGLE

Deeter, wearing a "TRAXX T-Shirt," comes out of nowhere with a grappling hook in hand attached to a long rope

that runs out of FRAME. He is walking up outside of the court, moving towards a corner of the chain link enclosure. One of the goons spots him and hollers.

GOON
Hey! What're you doin'?

The eight continue their game. Deeter smiles and holds up the hook innocently.

DEETER
Gotta hook the hook the court.
We gotta hook 'em once a week...

The goons have no idea what the hell he's talking about.

DEETER
(continued)
If you don't hook 'em real
regular...

Deeter is setting the hook into the fence at one corner of the posts.

DEETER
(continued)
...they get arrogant...start
wanting celebrity tournaments...
shit like that...

GOON
(pulling a gun)
What the hell are you talkin'
about?

As the goon starts for Deeter the jeep comes roaring into FRAME with TRAXX at the wheel and the other end of the rope tied to the back end. TRAXX swings a wide arc around the court and it is clear what he is doing. The rope stretches around the exterior of the fence and begins pinching it toward the center. The jeep keeps going around and around pulling the rope tighter. The men are screaming and converging on the shrinking safety of the center. The vertical fence posts have been uprooted. Deeter is bounding around loving it.

Finally the jeep stops and TRAXX gets out. The entire court has been reduced to a large iron bouquet, pinched tight at the middle in a rope fist, the ten thugs trapped in the center. They are twisted this way and that, faces pressed into the square pattern, some upside down, others sideways. Some have guns in hand, but it is impossible to move enough to point one at anybody. They all moan in pain and discomfort.

TRAXX
Could I have your attention for a second? Hey!

They all shut up.

TRAXX
(continued)
I know about now you must be mulling over your "civil rights." You have all been operating under a misconception,

Mouths pressed into the wire try and articulate, but can only make PUDDLING ROARS. Hands try vainly to twist fists with guns crushed inside to get a shot at TRAXX.

TRAXX
(continued)
Civil rights are just that... "rights for the civilized." You don't qualify. I know you're dyin' to tell me about your miserable childhood, but it is no excuse for what you've become.
(pointing to Deeter)
His juvenility was no sack of bisquits either...but he Is getting his shit together! You've got two choices: change or, deal with me. Think about it...now get outa here...go on!

As TRAXX and Deeter walk towards the jeep the entire tangled mess of wire supported on twenty frightened legs, begins to jitter away.

DEETER (O.S.)
...self-promotion is real important. They didn't know who the hell you were.

TRAXX(O.S.)
I'm not wearing a shirt with my name and face on it.

DEETER (O.S.)
Does Superman wear an "S?" Does Batman wear a bat? You think anybody remember them if they hadn't had the right wardrobe?

TRAXX

Forget it.

They are in the jeep and driving away.

162- EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A group of competitive cyclists are pumping along side the road in a group of forty. Their legs grind furiously. Beyond them the Guziks' limo is gaining. In the distance we can hear the three goons singing Doris Day's "POLLYANNA."

The three Guziks stand, gorging the open sunroof. Each has a baseball bat in his hands. With wide, childish smiles, they work their way forward along the line of bikers, knocking each one senseless. Hitting them on top of the head, back of the head and in the face. The lead biker, looking back and seeing the mayhem, swings off the road. One of the Guziks whips out a Uzi and blows him away. They all laugh good-naturedly and continue to sing.

163- INT. PALUCCI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

CAMERA is across the room facing a wide set of double French doors opening onto a balcony. The bed is in the f.g., the only light comes from the moon. There is only slight movement in bed, small noises, nothing indicative of "passion." Palucci's wife's name is CELESTE.

CELESTE (O.S.)
...anything?

Celest is languidly singing "GONNA BUILD A MOUNTAIN."

PALUCCI (O.S.)
(impatiently)
Not yet!

CELESTE (O.S.)
...I wonder if this is good for my serve.

PALUCCI (O.S.)
Shut up!

164- EXT. PALUCCI ESTATE - NIGHT

The entire estate is walled with high brick partitions. Iron gates seal the front. On the side street TRAXX has propped several long two-by-twelves against the wall making a ramp. Now he is sitting on a motorcycle GUNNING the ENGINE some fifty feet from the end of his ramp. Now he lets out the clutch, opens the throttle and SCREAMS toward the launch.

TRAXX'S motorcycle hits the ramp at high speed and is arching through the night headed for the French doors cut into the Palucci's bedroom wall.

165- INT. PALUCCI BEDROOM

PALUCCI (O.S.)
It's up! We got it! Weeee gooot it now!

CELESTE (O.S.)
Hurry up!

PALUCCI (O.S.)
(raging)
Don't you stop! You stop and I'll kill you!!!

At that instant TRAXX BLASTS through the window showering the entire room in shards of glass and spears of splintered wood. Palucci snaps on the lamp. He reaches for a gun and so does his wife.

ANGLE ON TRAXX

He whips out his pistol, SHOOTS the gun out of Palucci's hand, then the one out of Celeste's and finally for good measure SHOOTS four large curlers out of her hair. He nods the muzzle of his pistol several times directing them to raise their hands.

TRAXX
Up!!

As the two raise their hands, a lump appears beneath the covers over Palucci's groin where a smaller appendage docilely obeys.

TRAXX
(continuing)
Palucci, you got 'til this time tomorrow to be packed and gone.

CELESTE
Me too?

PALUCCI
(to Celeste)
You go where I go!

CELESTE
Bullshit, limp-dick. I'm not going anywhere.

TRAXX
I think this is something you should work out after I'm gone.

PALUCCI
(to TRAXX)
What happens to me happens to her, right?

TRAXX
Well, that's ordinarily the case particularly when the marriage has been good...

CELESTE
Good???

At this point the ENGINE of TRAXX'S motorcycle DIES. He will continue trying to kick it over from this point on.

TRAXX
(muttering)
...shit.

CELESTE
(hollering to TRAXX)
What the hell do you call "good?"

Celeste is out of bed and moving aggressively toward TRAXX, still stubbornly trying to kick it started. Meanwhile, Palucci is looking beneath the covers at this most uncommon occurance: an erection. He is smiling at it like a retarded child.

CELESTE
(continuing)
Sure, years ago when we were starting out he'd come home shot or stabbed, then he was nice...

The MOTORCYCLE STARTS. TRAXX GUNS it hard and it spits smoke into the room.

CELESTE
(continuing)
Old mobsters, who needs 'em!

TRAXX
You got 'til tomorrow.

Palucci still holding up the covers and gazing at the wonder before him.

PALUCCI
(with wonder)
...Celeste, come have a look.

CELESTE
(displaying her tired hand to TRAXX)
It was easier to build the Eiffel Tower.

TRAXX
Sorry, I have to ride out...

TRAXX pops a "wheelie" and with the motorcycle still in that inclined position the front wheel slams into the bedroom door and knocks it into the hall. TRAXX slows and makes a left. Celeste turns and hollers at Palucci.

CELESTE
I'm not cleanin' up this mess! I'm sick of guys coming' by looking' for you and leavin' the joint like this! You hear me?!

166- INT. UPSTAIRS HALL - NIGHT

TRAXX is puttering along on his motorcycle toward the top of the stairs. A bedroom door opens to his left and a young man steps out. A freak, a teenagers hanging ten on the "new wave." His hair is cut and cross-cut as though trimmed by a blind man using a scythe and it radiates every color known to man. Within the past hour he has ingested every drug currently on the market. He has a Steve Martin arrow through his head, there are a number of popular bumerstickers pasted on his torso, a diaper sags about his loins and his feet are lost in large, fluffy duck slippers. A few seconds into the conversation bright blue water begins dripping from his diaper. It will grow to torrential proportions and continually change from one vivid color to another. Neither will react or comment. As it it isn't happening. The kid's name is KENT.

KENT
....niiiiiiiiiiice bike.

TRAXX pauses.

TRAXX
Thanks.

KENT
Is it fast?

TRAXX
Bet you'd like to take it for a spin.

Kent stands there staring enviously at the motorcycle.

KENT
(drooling)
...yeeeeeeeeeeeah

TRAXX
I'd probably let you if you didn't use drugs.

KENT
I do a diet pill once in a while.

TRAXX
Your father give 'em to you?

KENT
No...I pay street prices.

TRAXX
Doesn't sound like much of a father.

KENT
He's a dirty thievin', pukin', heavin', murderin', stealin', piss-ass drug dealin', toxic shockin' douche bag.

TRAXX
Real scum.

KENT
Yeah...wanna piss him off? Go back and say, "boogers, boogers, boogers...

TRAXX REVES up his ENGINE.

TRAXX
You don't stand a chance in a million of being more than a mindless turd, but good luck.

As TRAXX starts to ride off down the hall, Kent pulls a large PISTOL from the back waistband of his diaper and COCKS IT. The sound brings TRAXX twisting around, gun in hand. Kent gets off a SHOT before the gun is BLOWN out of his hand and both ends of his Steve Martin arrow are shot off.

KENT
(smiling idiotically)
Sorry...still trying' to make my 'ol man proud of me.

TRAXX
(holstering his gun)
...yeah, we all gotta deal with that.

TRAXX gives the kid an ironic smile and rides down the hall. He moves away and we notice a HOLE in the back of his shirt on the right side between his shoulder blade and waist. There is a little bit of blood around it.

167- EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

TRAXX is riding through the late night stillness. Nobody is out. As he passes Mayhew's unmarked police car we notice that the amount of blood on his back is now sufficient to cover a full half of his shirt.

168- INT. MAYHEW'S CAR

Ashes, dirt, debris and filth beyond imagination. The empty coffee cups and cigarette wrappers and fast food cartons are stacked nearly to the roof throughout the interior. Mayhew's head is visible, but only the top of Dolan's hat can be seen behind the steering wheel. Mayhew sees TRAXX riding past.

MAYHEW
There he is! Let's roll!

There is no response from Dolan's side.

MAYHEW
(continuing)
Dolan! Let's roll!

Mayhew begins digging his way through the trash toward Dolan. The hat comes away in Mayhew's hand. He starts digging down in the litter toward the driver's seat. Dolan is gone. Mayhew starts "swimming" across the seat.

MAYHEW
(continuing)
Dolan! You in here??

169- EXT. TRAXX'S CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Deeter is sitting by the campfire. He reluctantly nips on a cookie while cleaning one of the guns. He spits it out. He hears the SOUND of a MOTORCYCLE approaching. He gets to his feet.

ANGLE

The motorcycle toodling into the campsite. TRAXX appears to be asleep at the handle bars.

DEETER
How'd it go?

No response. The motorcycle rolls right past him, through the heart of the campfire and on toward the dark woods. TRAXX'S head was slumped forward, eyes closed. As he passes we see the entire back of his shirt is now red.

Deeter turns and runs after him.

170- The MOTORCYCLE SLAMS into a LARGE TREE and falls over on its side. TRAXX remains in the same position still on the seat. The motor dies. Deeter rushes over.

DEETER
(bending down to him)
You've been shot.,

TRAXX
Not a chance.

Deeter works to get him up from the motorcycle. He is real unsteady on his feet.

DEETER
I got five dollars says you been shot.

TRAXX
(trying to walk)
Come on. Not a mark on me.

He holds out his arms and looks down the front of himself.

DEETER
Yeah, well the front of you is lookin' fine, but I don't think it can live without the back.

Deeter touches TRAXX on the back then brings his hand around so he can see the blood.

TRAXX
Blood.

DEETER
Right.

TRAXX
Mine.

DEETER
That'd be my guess.

TRAXX faints out of FRAME.

171- EXT. THE CAMPFIRE - LATER

The two of them are near the fire. TRAXX is lying on his stomach, Deeter sitting beside him. They pass a large bottle of tequila between them.

TRAXX
...that's it, finished...no more. Promised myself if the "good-guy karma" ever wore out, I'd hang it up...

DEETER
I better get in town early tomorrow and close out the rest of the souvenirs before everybody finds out you quit.

TRAXX
(with a drunken edge)
..."quit" is a four letter word.

DEETER
(equally drunk)
If it ain't, it oughta be.

TRAXX gives him a tense look then takes the bowie knife off the rock where it sat with the blade in the flames. He hands it to Deeter.

TRAXX
Dig it out.

DEETER
There's gonna be some pain.

TRAXX
I thought we were gettin' drunk so there wouldn't be.

DEETER
I'm drinkin' to get crazy enough to do it.

TRAXX
Ever hear the sayin', "feelin' no pain?"

DEETER
Yeah.

TRAXX takes another long draw from the bottle and hands that to Deeter also.

TRAXX
Dig.

Deeter looks at the knife, sucks in a deep breath, kills the remainder of the tequila and looks down at the wound.

172- EXT. THE FOREST - NIGHT

A beautiful shot of the dense forest with the moon hanging in a cloudless sky. It is miraculously still. Then it is all shattered by the sustained shriek of agony from TRAXX.

TRAXX (O.S.)
EEEEEEEEEEEEYAAAAAAAWHOOOOOOOOOEEEEEEEE!!

173- EXT. DESERTED WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Guzik's limo enters the murky interior through a large freight door. The place is deserted.

174- INT. THE WAREHOUSE - DAY

The limousine is parked. The Guziks, Mike and the chauffeur

are seated side by side on an old wooden crate. They all appear to be dozing. The chauffeur has his uniform hat tipped over his eyes. Mike looks ill.

ANGLE

Another limo enters. It rolls to within a few feet of the Guziks and stops. The driver jumps out and opens the rear door and Palucci climbs out.

Palucci and the Guziks face each other for several seconds without a word. Finally, Palucci smiles. The dull dead expressions on the three Guzik faces never changes.

PALUCCI
You know why I brought you here...

The three Guziks snarl.

PALUCCI
(continuing)
...this guy don't give a shit about the law...And if we ain't got law, we got nothin'. So you kill him...kill him, cut him up and scatter the pieces all over town...I want...

GUZIK #1
(cutting him off)
You telling us how to kill?

PALUCCI
I'm payin' you.

GUZIK #1
Would you tell Mailer how to write?

GUZIK #2
Hockney how to paint?

GUZIK #3
Baryshnikov how to dance?

Guzik #1 reaches out and smacks the Chauffeur seated on the bench. His hat falls off and he tumbles to the floor, dead.

GUZIK #1
...He kept driving over those little lumps they got on the

GUZIK #1
(continuing)
lines in the road...it was annoying.

Palucci just stares at the dead chauffeur.

175- INT. THE WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The Guziks are leaving in their limo, Palucci and Mike stand next to the other.

MIKE
They told me if they ever see me with wax in my ears, they'll lock me in a burning building.

PALUCCI
Dig up anybody who's still in town...I wanna be sure this comes off my way.

They climb into the limo and it drives away.

176- EXT. LITTLE LEAGUE FIELD - DAY

A COACH and about fifteen kids are having a practice session. The coach is on the mound giving a pitching demonstration.

COACH
...and when you come over the top you let it go so it carries you forward...like this.

The Coach goes into his wind-up, his arm comes forward and as he releases the ball a single SHOT is HEARD and he "carries forward" right onto his face, dead.

ANGLE

The Guziks, on horseback, ride in from three directions shooting their pistols in the air. Like cowboys on a cattle drive, they herd all the bawling, scampering kids into an open livestock van at the far end of the field. We cut away while some of the children are still being headed off and chased back.

177. EXT. CAMPSITE - DAY

TRAXX, looking hungover and feeble, is at his little oven

working somberly over a new batch. Deeter is loading all the weapons in the back of the jeep. In the background at the edge of the forest are every imagineable kind of little woodland creature; fawn, squirrel, rabbit, possum, racoon, skunk, chipmunk, etc. TRAXX tastes one of his newest concoctions, nearly gags, tosses the whole tray full over his head.

DEETER
...you sure you want me to sell all this shit?

TRAXX
Everything. Bullets too.

DEETER
You oughta keep at least one gun. There's some chance you ain't ever gonna get this cookie-shit right...

TRAXX
I'm gettin' closer with every batch...

He pulls open the battle scarred door of his little oven and jerks out a hot little "stomach-thumper."

TRAXX
(continued)
You think people'd like a chive cookie?

He tosses it to Deeter.

DEETER
No. That's what I'm sayin'... I don't think they're gonna like any of your jive cookies.

Deeter takes a bite and chokes. He tosses it to where the little creatures stand around nibbling on the scraps.

TRAXX
If you've got a cookie-idea, I'd like to hear it. If you don't, save your negative remarks.

And HERE IT BEGINS. The scene that made "Blazing Saddles" momentous. There is one long tear of a fart from the b.g. TRAXX never takes his eyes off Deeter.

TRAXX
...did you do that?

DEETER
...I don't think so.

ANGLE

The ANIMALS are beginning to fart. And they do it as well as any human being on earth. FARTS OF EVERY TONE, character and consistency. Squirrel farts, bird farts, raccoon farts, Bambi farts, rabbit farts, possom farts, chipmunk farts and weasel farts. Some BELCH.

DEETER
What was the last batch?

TRAXX
...chili-con-cookie.

DEETER
Shit

He quickly heads for the jeep. The air is getting very sour very fast. TRAXX forces himself to his feet and limps after him.

DEETER
So much for clean mountain air.

They are both rushing to get in the jeep and slam the doors and roll up the windows. TRAXX is looking out at the animals with a smile on his face.

TRAXX
....that's the first batch they ever touched.

DEETER
You wanna get out and take a bow?

Right then the SKUNK FARTS, really rips one. All the other little woodland creatures fall over in a dead faint. Deeter guns the engine and the JEEP ROARS away.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...and the Police Chief and the Mayor suggest everyone stay off the streets until the Guziks have been apprehended.

179- INT. A CONVALESCENT HOME - DAY

TCU: A RADIO ON A HOSPITAL BEDSIDE TABLE

Rows of beds full of elderly people. Some walking feebly in the aisles, several orderlies on duty. Suddenly the door is kicked open and the three Guziks step in grinning evilly.

GUZIKS
Here comes the mercy squad!!!

The three walk along the aisle slugging old people, jerking them out of bed, throwing them in the air, kicking apart the furniture.

179- EXT. CONVALESCENT HOME

Old people being heaved out of the windows into the street. They come to the smashed windows with GUNS in hand and start BLASTING away at the scampering oldsters in their white hospital gowns running in all directions.

180- SOMEONE'S POV

The jeep rolling through the absolutely deserted streets of town. Tumbleweeds and trash blow eerily. There is no traffic, no pedestrians, nothing.

181- INT. MAYHEWS POLICE CAR - DAY

It is parked in an alley. Mayhew has several days' growth on his face and he looks half out of his mind. The trash and ashes and cigarette butts in the car have now risen to above the dashboard. He sits in debris up to his armpits. He gropes through the refuse for his two-way radio.

MAYHEW
...this is 475...the cowboy
is rollin' up to Zipp Mart...
I'm nailin' him.

He reaches back down into the trash to replace the microphone. Then he gets out with half the trash.

182- INT. TRAXX'S JEEP

As it rolls to a stop in front of the Zippy Mart.

DEETER
Wonder where everyone is...

TRAXX
It's our luck. I was dreading a crowd. I'm buying too much for the express check-out line.

They stop and get out.

183- EXT. THE ZIPPY MART

As Deeter starts hauling his souvenirs out of the back gate of the jeep, TRAXX starts inside.

TRAXX
I won't be long.

184- INT. POLICE STATION

The Chief is headed for the exit in a big hurry. He almost knocks over the Mayor coming in the opposite direction.

MAYOR
What's going on?

CHIEF
Mayhew just popped up and I don't think he knows about the kids. He's gonna try and take TRAXX.

MAYOR
What an asshole!

She wheels around and follows the Chief out.

185- EXT. ZIPPY MART

Deeter is setting one collapsible chair next to a full souvenir stand. The kind you would see at a Raider game. Everything is neatly displayed. Beside it on a blanket spread on the sidewalk is TRAXX's arsenal. A hand-lettered sign standing amidst the weapons reads, "50% OFF COST"

Suddenly Mayhew, looking crazed beyond reason, jumps out with a gun and holds it against Deeter's head.

MAYHEW
What's he doin' in there?

DEETER
(startled)
Who?

MAYHEW
(cocking his pistol)
Say another dumb thing, you're dead.

DEETER
He's shopping.

MAYHEW
That does it.

DEETER
(panicky)
So help me!

Mayhew gestures with his gun and Deeter heads for the interior of the market.

186- ANGLE

The Chief's police car with its SIREN and FLASHING LIGHTS comes skidding around the corner and pitches to a sliding stop in front of the market. Mayhew, really whacked out, 187- holds his finger to his mouth to "shush" them. The Mayor and the Chief bound from the car.

MAYHEW
We got him cornered!

CHIEF
The Guziks kidnapped the Police Little League team.

MAYHEW
(suddenly a tragic shambles)
...they got Morton?

MAYOR
If Traxx doesn't step out and face them, the kids are dead.

DEETER
They'd kill a Little League team?

CHIEF
It could become an annual event.

As the four start into the store Mayhew is crying sloppily like an old woman. His gun dangles by the trigger guard from one finger. He is hysterical.

188- INT. ZIPPY MART

The four stop just inside. TRAXX is nowhere to be seen.

MAYOR
Traxx! You in here?

TRAXX (O.S.)
(gaily)
Aisle seven! Baked good and dry cereal!

The four rush toward the sound of his voice.

188 A ANGLE

TRAXX standing behind his full shopping cart scanning the various brands of baking flour. The four crowd toward him.

TRAXX
I'm glad you're here. I didn't know who to pay.

CHIEF
Traxx! You have to get the Guziks!

TRAXX
Who are the Guziks?

MAYOR
Three men who want to kill you and if you don't give 'em the chance a lot of little kids are gonna die.

TRAXX
Didn't Deeter tell you? I retired. Cookies full-time now. So nobody has to kill me.

CHIEF
It won't stop 'em from wiping out the kids.

TRAXX
Doesn't this sound a little like something for the police?

MAYOR
The kids they are threatening to kill are the sons of our policemen.

TRAXX
God, this puts me in a tough

TRAXX
(continued)
situation but, a man is finally judged by the hard decisions he makes and stands by...I gotta stick with the cookies.

MAYOR
(aghast)
Traxx!

TRAXX reaches for a five pound sack of flour.

MAYHEW
(raising his gun at Traxx)
I'm gonna blow your fuckin' cookies...

The Chief grabs his arm and forces the GUN away before it DISCHARGES. Deeter has taken all he can.

DEETER
Man, I thought you were somethin' special!
(getting madder)
Somebody who cared for other humans regardless of height, weight or color!

Now the Chief has to hold back Mayhew and Deeter.

DEETER
(continued)
Your cookies are shit, man! These kids are dyin' for cookies that'd make a rat puke!

As the Chief holds them off, Traxx takes the Ma or by the arm and pulls her around the end of the aisle.

MAYHEW (O.S.)
Who'd buy cookies from a coward.

TRAXX
Can we talk a second?

188 B ANGLE

On the far side of the aisle. The three men can still be heard struggling. Things falling off shelves, etc.

MAYOR
You're such a disappointment.

TRAXX
I didn't want to make a big deal out of it...

Traxx unbuttons his shirt and pulls it back to reveal the dressing over his little wound.

TRAXX
(continuing)
but I was shot. Nothing very sensational but...

Seeing his chest has got her motor running again. She is coming right at him, her arms go around his shoulders. She is moaning, salivating.

TRAXX
(continuing)
When I went off to my first war I promised my Mom if I ever, ever got hurt, I'd quit...

She is kissing his chest, licking his nect, writhing.

MAYOR
(heaving passion)
Let's smear ourselves with waffle mix and Dijon mustard...

Suddenly there are a couple of EXPLOSIONS OUTSIDE. They freeze then rush for the frontdoor.

188 C - ANGLE

Mayhew, Deeter and the Chief likewise head for the noise.

189- EXT. THE STREET.

TCU of the limo. Tight enough so we see only one Guzik through the windshield at the wheel and two more standing in the open sunroof. They are randomly pitching GRENADES to either side of the street.

190- ANGLE

The five rushing out the frontdoor of the Zippy Mart and stopping in utter shock and disbelief.

191- ANGLE

Full shot of the limo. The entire Little League team is strapped around the exterior of the car. Like the endless chain of hand holding cut out paper angels on a Christmas tree. The kids are alive, well and CRYING. The limo stops in the center of the street opposite the five.

GUZIK #1
You Traxx?

TRAXX
That's me.

GUZIK #2
Where's your guns?

TRAXX
Over there. For Sale, if you're interested. So you can cut those kids loose, 'cause I ain't fightin' anybody.

GUZIK #1
You're gonna fight or we're gonna drive this thing into the river. You call that a, "Kiddie-Caddy float"!

As the Guziks LAUGH one cuts loose with SEVERAL SHOTS that splatter around Traxx's feet.

TRAXX
Ah, you want me to dance...

He dances and they LAUGH and SHOOT. Then there is a SHOT from out of frame. Everybody stops and looks toward the source.

ANGLE

Deeter stands nervously just off the curb. A pair of Traxx's pistols strapped to his sides.

DEETER
You want a fight? You got one.

TRAXX
Deeter, put those things down.

TRAXX starts towards him. The Guziks LAUGH evilly.

GUZIK #1
Okaaay. Draw on three...one, two...

TRAXX
No!

The Guziks shoot Deeter down on "Two." They laugh. Deeter crumbles to the ground. The limo starts to roll forward. The four bend over Deeter's body.

GUZIK #1
We'll be at the Skin Tite Bar. If you're not there, armed, in an hour, you'll have to call off the rest of the baseball season.

They drive away still tossing GRENADES on either side of the street.

TRAXX
Deeter! Come on! Don't crap out!

Mayhew bends over and puts his ear on Deeter's chest. He listens. When he lifts his head his ear is bright red from the blood coming out of Deeter.

MAYHEW
He's still alive.

CHIEF
Get him in my car!

The four lift him and rush toward the police car.

MAYOR
(to Traxx)
What're you gonna do?

TRAXX
I'm thinking.

They get Deeter in the front seat. His eyes open and he smiles up at TRAXX.

TRAXX
I gotta life decision to make here...I gotta know...are my cookies really shit? Have I got any future as a baker?

DEETER
(straining)
...they're shit...town-taming,
that's your future...so don't
be a schmuck...wear a T-Shirt...
we could use the advertising...

The Mayor is climbing in the car. The Chief is already behind the wheel. Deeter loses consciousness.

MAYOR
He's lost a lot of blood.

TRAXX
How much?

CHIEF
Looks like a litre...

TRAXX
Damn...Deeter lost a litre
because of me. Get him
outa here!

The Chief guns the engine. The SIREN and FLASHING LIGHTS live again and the car tears off toward the hospital.

ANGLE

TRAXX walks over to where his guns lay on the ground. He stares at them for a grim second then starts strapping them on. Mayhew comes up beside him. He is so damned filthy.

MAYHEW
My kid's the hood ornament.

TRAXX
He'll be all right.

MAYHEW
Not if they rear-end some
body. I'm coming with you.

TRAXX
(looking him over)
Not without a shower you're not.

Fully armed, TRAXX turns and walks to his jeep, gets in and waves heroically to Mayhew as he drives away.

192- EXT. SKIN TITE BAR - DAY

The baseball team is now strung wrist to wrist and wrapped around the front of the building. TRAXX parks his jeep up the street and surveys the situaion.

193- INT. SKIN TITE BAR

The three Guziks are at the bar. There are over a dozen bottles of booze lined up in front of them, some empty, others with something left. The Guzik in the middle is out cold, the other two are singing, "Set 'em Up Joe."

194- EXT. SKIN TITE BAR

It is two stories high. The building next to it is three. Someone is poised on the lip of the roof of the other building. It is TRAXX and as we move in we realize for the first time he has put on one of the souvenir T-shirts. He has a pistol he is sighting on something below.

TRAXX'S POV The rope that secures the last boy's wrist to the side of the building, thus anchoring that end of the human chain.

195 - ANGLE

TRAXX FIRES and the rope is shot in half. He pushes his gun deep into his holster.

196 - ANGLE

The kids rushing away from the front of the building and fighting to free the kid at the other end. Above TRAXX has stepped off the roof of the other structure and is falling free through the air the fifteen feet to the roof of the bar.

197- INT. SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT

Two old people in a tiny apartment watching TV. They wear TRAXX T-shirts. TRAXX comes crashing through the ceiling, his feet impact the top of the large console TV and drive it through the floor.

198- INT. SKIN TITE BAR

The TV smashes through the ceiling and lands right side up on the floor across the room from the Guziks. The set is still operating and TRAXX is still standing on top of it.

199. The two Guziks quickly try and revive the third one by breaking empty bottles over his head and SHOUTING, "Wake Up! Wake up! Wake Up."

200. ANGLE

The two flabby old people look down through the hole in their floor. TRAXX looks up.

TRAXX
Sorry for the intrusion.

OLD MAN
It's okay. Mi casa, su casa!

TRAXX
(taking a deep wiff)
You baking cookies?

OLD LADY
Tuna macaroons.

TRAXX
I'll stop back.

200A- ANGLE

Guzik number three coming around. "What? What? What already?"

GUZIK #2
He's here.

ANGLE

The three Guziks stand and face TRAXX still atop the TV. The program showing on the screen beneath him is, "Good Sex with Dr. Ruth."

TRAXX
What'll it be, guns or fists? I think fists would be more cathartic for me after what you did to Deeter, but it's your choice.

GUZIK #1
Okay, fists.

TRAXX smiles and tosses his guns on the floor.

GUZIK #1
Guns!

ROCK SCORE COMES UP HERE. As they start to FIRE, TRAXX whips out his "case" gun from the back of his waistband. They are ducking and SHOOTING, BLOWING EVERYTHING in the room TO HELL, except the TV. Dr. Ruth continues. The
200B old lady drops TRAXX a hot cookie.

OLD LADY
Try it!

TRAXX SHOOTS and eats, discovering to his pain, that the cookie is very hot. Then Dr. Ruth says something about
201 the penis and all four STOP SHOOTING and turn their attention to the set. She is rattling on about the "size of the penis." Finally, too self-conscious to take anymore, all four men FIRE into the set. And then the BATTLE RESUMES.

The three Guziks stand and CUT LOOSE with all their combined FIRE POWER on TRAXX'S position. The room is cut to pieces. The rear wall falls off. The dust is too thick to see through. Then the Guziks are out of bullets. It is quiet. The dust begins to clear and there is TRAXX, a gun in each hand.

GUZIKS
Fists!

TRAXX drops his guns and they all charge at each other. It is a donnybrook in the John Wayne tradition. Big round house punches, pieces of walls ripped off and used as clubs, BOTTLES BROKEN on each others' heads, the Guziks coming off like psychotic Three Stooges.

202- EXT. SKIN TITE BAR

One Guzik is tossed through a window into the street followed by the second and then TRAXX. The third Guzik exits by the door. One knocks TRAXX backward and he falls. The three start toward him. TRAXX points high above their heads and hollers.

TRAXX
Look out!! Gonorrhea!!

When the three look up TRAXX punches them all. While TRAXX is fighting with the third the other two rush for the limo.

TWO GUZIKS
Guns!

TRAXX leaves the Guzik he is hitting and runs for the jeep.

INT. LIMO

203- The three Guziks pile in. One starts the engine while the others divvy up the assortment of weapons in the backseat.

204- EXT. JEEP

TRAXX jumps in, KICKS IT OVER and grabs a shotgun from the back.

205- EXT. THE STREET

The limo speeds to the far end, sliding to a stop after spinning 180°. Now the two cars face each other in a classic standoff style from either end of a deserted street.

After a dramatic pause, the limo leaps forward.

ANGLE

The jeep pops a "wheelie" and charges into combat.

206- The two vehicles pass each other at horrific speed. All four men FIRE POINT BLANK into the other car, sparks flying from the sides of both vehicles as they scrap past.

207- Like a joust, reaching the far ends of the street, each slides into another 180° and makes ready for another pass.

208-

209- They ROAR at each other again. At the last instant they criss-cross, narrowly missing a head on and pass on opposite sides. Fenders are torn from both cars. Tons of SHOTS are exchanged.

210- ANGLE

As the limo passes the jeep does a sudden "U" turn and jumps right on its tail. TRAXX pouring GUNFIRE into the back of the car.

211- The limo turns the corner and disappears behind a block of buildings, TRAXX right on its tail.

212- ANGLE

The other end of the block. When they re-emerge, the limo is chasing the jeep.

213- The limo accelerates and rams the jeep from the rear, forcing it right through a building. It comes out the other side without its top.

214- ANGLE

The limo bearing down to ram the jeep. TRAXX pulls a wide arc and FIRES, BLOWING OUT THE LIMO WINDSHIELD. The limo veers away and rockets blindly up the street. TRAXX starts to follow, but his engine dies.

215- Then it is dead quiet. Too quiet. TRAXX tries vainly to restart the jeep. It grinds weakly. Then silent again. Just the sound of the breeze. Then a noise. A CLANGING, LUMBERING, DESPERATE, dangerous noise that is closing fast. TRAXX twists around in his seat. The limo is coming at him at 100 mph. The hood is still up. Two of the Guziks are standing in the sunroof. One has a GRENADE. TRAXX tries again to start the engine. It's almost too late to get out.

216- ANGLE

TRAXX jumps out of the jeep, a six gun in each hand and stands his ground between his car and the charging limo. He FIRES at the grill, the tires, the Guziks. The limo's tires go, it shudders and starts wildly veering off. As it passes within inches TRAXX and one Guzik trade SHOTS as the other jerks the pin on the grenade. TRAXX shoots it out of his hand and it drops into the car.

217- The limo fishtails out of control and then the grenade goes off and the car flies into pieces.

218- ANGLE

The whole town standing off to one side hollering and applauding TRAXX.

DISSOLVE TO:

219- EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

IT IS THE SAME "mean street" that TRAXX first cleaned up when he got to town. It's now repainted, restored and festooned for the 4th of July celebration that is in progress. Strings of lights criss-cross over the heads of joyous people. It is a carnival atmosphere. There are booths with games of chance, food and souvenirs. At one end of the street a stage is built curb to curb and a ROCK BAND PLAYS a swelling, infectious melody that will lighten when the Mayor speaks, but never disappear. Along one side of the street there is one store front that is completely dark and halfway between it and the stage something under a huge canopy stands in the center of the street. It is impossible

to tell what it is. A good number of people in the crowd, many of them kids, wear TRAXX T-shirts.

220 - ANGLE

Heads start turning toward the stage. Cheers start to build.

221 - ANGLE

The stage. The Mayor is slowly making her way to the center. She bears a broad smile. When she gets to where the MICROPHONES stand the response has reached thunderous proportions.

MAYOR
How are you all???

Roaring response: "Great! Outa Sight! Fantastic!, Etc." The compelling rift the band is pumping out has everyone including the Mayor moving.

MAYOR
(continued)
The last time there was a 4th of July like this was the first one!!!

The emotion in the crowd surges in waves. They wave American flags, hands jut in the air, black and white, children on parents' shoulders LAUGHING excitedly, neighbors with their arms looped around each other.

MAYOR
(continued)
We have declared our independence! How does it feel to have the freedom to be anywhere in this city at any time of any day or night and not have to worry about somebody knockin' you in the head?

The reaction ECHOES off the mountains.

MAYOR
(continued)
Well, the man who gave us this clean start is still around!!
I think we can keep him around!!

The crowd is going nuts. The Mayor raises her arm to signal somebody off stage standing at a switch.

MAYOR
(continued)
I'm thrilled to introduce, SNAXX
by TRAXX!!!

222- She signals. The switch is thrown and the storefront that had been dark is lit from within and by spotlights from across the street. Pink neon in script spells out "SNAXX by TRAXX" across the front.

223- ANGLE

It is a storefront like those we have become used to: Famous Amos and Mrs. Fields type configuration.

224- ANGLE

TRAXX and Deeter standing side by side in silly little Cookie Waiter uniforms with hats, coordinated to the decor. They have uncomfortable smiles pasted on their faces. As the crowd surges toward the open shop they talk tensely out of the corners of their mouthes. The cookies in the glass case are ugly, misshapen, discolored, turd-like clods. There is a small plaque at the front of each tray explaining what they are: Cactus Cookies, Cedar Cookies, Sushi Cookies, Bazooka Cookies, Popsicle Cookies (which are melting), Matzo Cookies, Pasta Cookies, Etc.

TRAXX
You didn't mean what you said about my cookies.

DEETER
Naw. Just trying to make you mad.

TRAXX
What do you think about the new one? A bit bold?

DEETER
The peanut butter tuna? Come on, who doesn't like peanut butter and tuna.

TRAXX
You're right
(TRAXX holds up his hand)
Luck.

Deeter forces a tough smile and smacks TRAXX'S palm. They face forward and their faces register horror.

225- THEIR POV

A mass of humanity surges through the entrance. Pushing, shoving, shrieking, dollars in every hand. These people want their cookies.

226- ANGLE

TRAXX and Deeter frantically trying to serve them.

227- EXT. THE STREET

The Mayor is still on the stage.

MAYOR
And we're putting the word out, you wanna start trouble in this, town, 'You'll be gettin' what you got comin''. Everybody, let's hear it for the Pointer Sisters!!

The Pointer Sisters come on stage singing the town's new anthem: "Gettin' What You Got Comin'". FIRE WORKS EXPLODE all around town and the tarp is pulled off the object sitting in the middle of the street.

228- ANGLE

It's a raised platform with three electric chairs. There is a Guzik in each. They are bouncing their heads to the music, LAUGHING, nodding to the crowd, having a heck of a time.

229- There is a sign above their heads that reads, "THROUGH THE COURTESY OF YOUR LOCAL WATER AND POWER."

The lyrics of the song tell you the price you pay for being bad. Adam and Eve paid, Marie Antoinette paid, Hitler paid, Billy the Kid paid, so did Goliath and so will you.

230- ANGLE

Howard from the ACLU is speechless with indignation and horror. He begins shoving his way toward the platform.

The gaiety is unbelievable.

231 The Mayor gives a note to a small boy then she walks off away from the festivities.

232- Howard has gotten to the platform. He climbs on and SHOUTS down at the emotional crowd. They pay him no attention. There is a large knife switch just to his side. He is waving his hands hysterically.

HOWARD
You can't do this! It isn't nice! When God said, "An eye for an eye" He meant He'd settle with them later! I wanna know which one of you is actually going to come up here and throw the switch!

He is waving his arms frantically.

HOWARD
(continued)
Come on! Which one!

Howard's arm inadvertently slams into the switch driving into the "ON" position. He freezes when there is a sudden Flash behind him. Slowly he turns. The Guziks are frozen in smiles, hair on end. Trying not to draw attention to himself, Howard steals down off the platform and disappears.

233- INT. SNAXX BY TRAXX

The little boy with the note pushes his way up to the counter and hands it to TRAXX. He reads it and smiles. He looks at Deeter serving as fast as he can.

TRAXX
...from the Mayor. Says there's something at the library I should "check out"...
(pulling off his apron)
Don't eat up all the profits.

DEETER
I'll fight the urge.

They slap hands and TRAXX rushes out. Deeter looks sickly at the though of eating a cookie.

234- EXT. SNAXX BY TRAXX

As TRAXX rushes out he passes Mayhew, who upon seeing him smiles and stops doing whatever it was he was doing. He slaps TRAXX'S shoulder. When TRAXX is gone he continues giving money to people to buy cookies. As customers exit we see them gag and chuck most of their cookies in the trash.

235- EXT. THE STREET

TRAXX rushing toward the library. Everybody loves him.

236- EXT. THE LIBRARY

TRAXX runs inside and the door slams behind him.

237- ANGLE

As we pull back for a high overhead shot of the joyous celebration, the Pointers still sing. We see the lights popping wildly in the windows of the library.

FADE OUT